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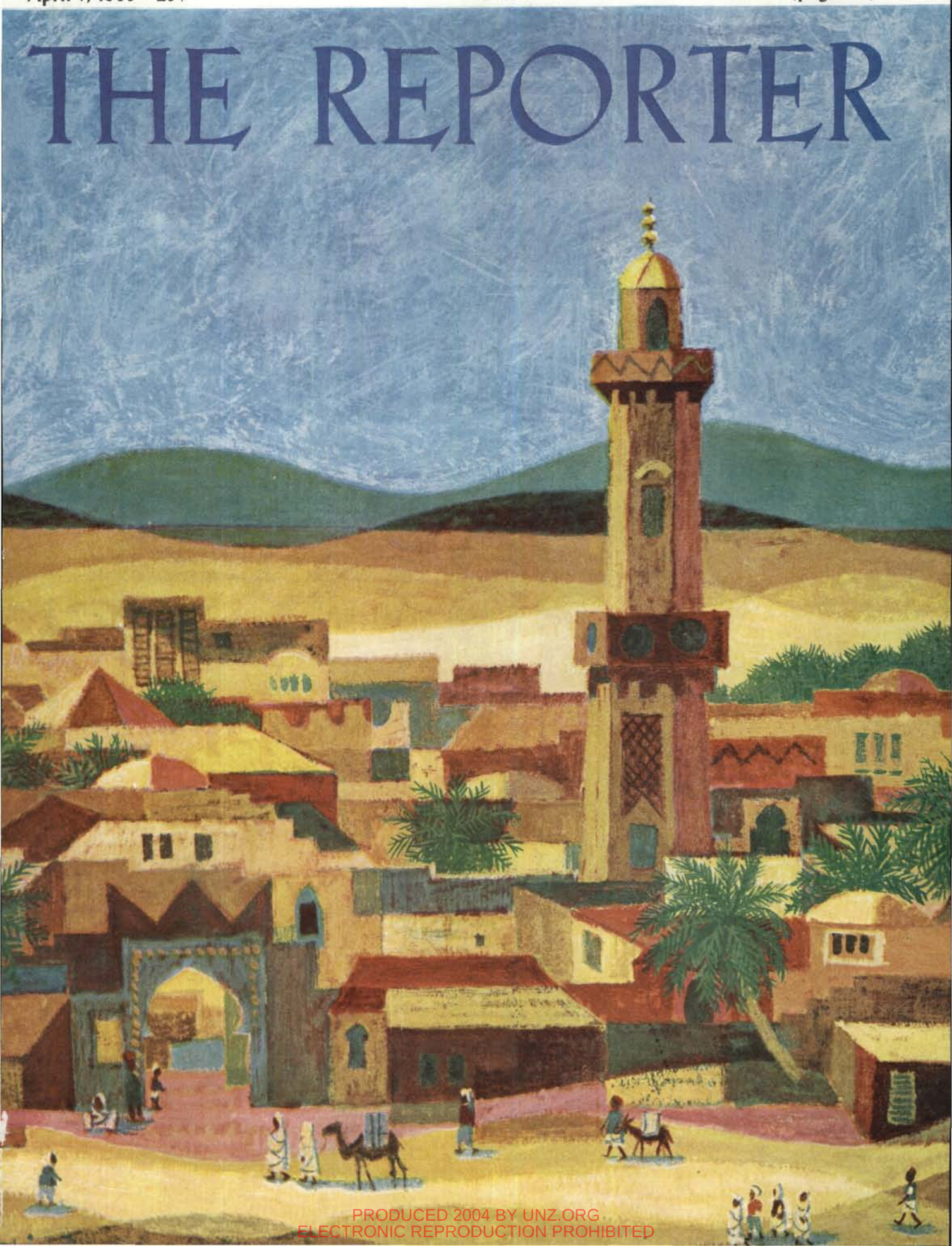

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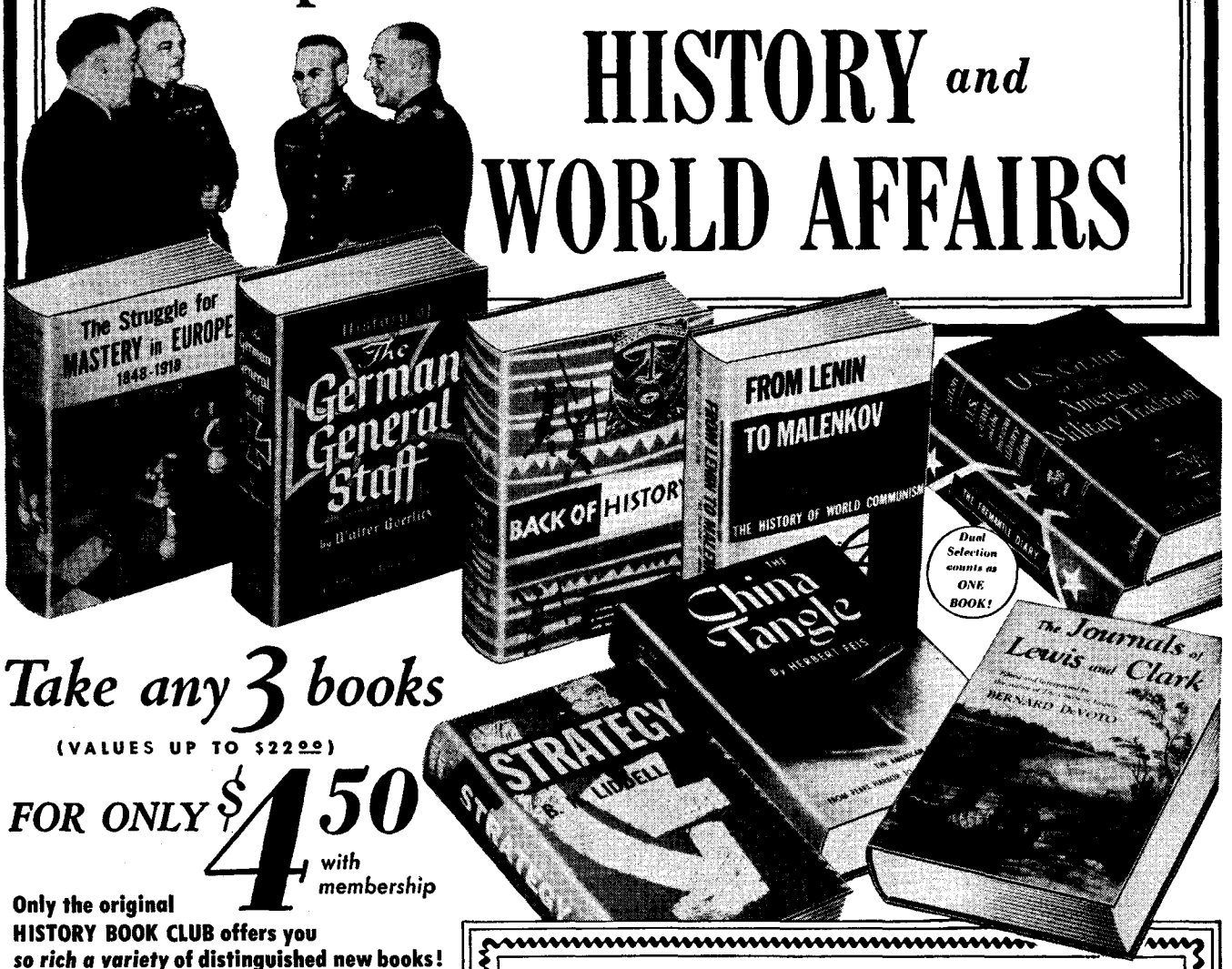

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Fuze Is Still Burning

"The Eisenhower Administration believes an uneasy stalemate in the Formosa Strait is more likely than either fighting or a formal cease-fire." This was the opening paragraph of a dispatch from Washington published on the front page of the New York *Times* on February 2. Shortly after, it became an open secret that the inspiration for the story had come from Vice-President Nixon.

"If the Chinese Communists challenge the United States," the story went on, "either by a testing action or a full-scale attempt to take Formosa or one of the islands related to its defense, the Administration is prepared to engage in limited war. This would include 'hot pursuit' to the mainland of the attacking aircraft or naval vessels."

AT THE BEGINNING of February, however, the Administration seemed unwilling, even through its familiar method of off-the-record press conferences, to inform the American public of anything more drastic than "hot pursuit." That was enough for the day.

Indeed, it was emphasized that whatever war there might be on the Formosa Strait, it would be of the "limited" variety—a sort of armed containment. "Limited" meant, obviously, limited unilaterally by the U.S. government, with the amount of punishment to be inflicted on the enemy to be determined at our leaders' discretion. At the time—that was the beginning of February—there was no hint whatsoever in official Administration announcements of any possible use of atomic weapons.

Lately there has been a change in the publicized statements of our strategic plans. Atomic weapons *will* be used in the defense of the Quemoys and Matsus, if the enemy attack on the two groups of islands shows an intention to use them as stepping stones for the conquest of Formosa.

At the same time, the public has been told repeatedly and authoritatively not to be too finicky in its thinking about atomic weapons—used on the enemy, of course.

They're not such terrible things, after all; indeed, some of those being made now are so tiny as to represent a mere five thousand tons of TNT, while the one used on Hiroshima had the equivalent of twenty thousand tons. Since we have these weapons, why shouldn't we use them for the defense of the Quemoys and Matsus?

DURING these last few weeks, there has been a considerable amount of light thrown on the strategic value of these islands. In our own pages (March 10), Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips (U.S.A., Ret.) wrote: "It will be years—five or ten—before the Red Chinese can build up their naval and air forces to a degree that will give them a chance of making a successful invasion of Formosa. They can make a stab at invading the offshore islands this year. Therefore the two problems—invasion of the offshore islands and invasion of Formosa—are, in the jargon of science fiction, on different time lines. Taking the offshore islands this year would have no connection with invading Formosa five years from now. The Red propaganda attempt to relate the two is phony." Obviously, there is an undeclared agreement between the Red propaganda and the Administration's propaganda.

Cabling to the New York *Times* from Tokyo after having visited Formosa, Cyrus L. Sulzberger stated: "Chiang Kai-shek would like to see a battle for the strategically unimportant offshore islands developed into a world war so he could gamble on returning to the mainland. But as far as we are concerned they have no military value."

SO HERE we are: drifting every day closer to war in the defense of islands of no military value, islands which, five or ten years from now, might be used by the enemy for the conquest of Formosa. In this war, where we would use atomic weapons, we are certain not to receive the slightest political or military support from our Allies: The recent statement by Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, represents the unshakable determination not only of the Canadian but of all the Commonwealth governments.

What prompts our leaders, then? How can they be so blind? How can they be moving toward an adventure in which we would find ourselves absolutely alone, engaged in a war that would be limited not by our self-imposed rules but by the

IF CHURCHILL RESIGNS

No man is irreplaceable, they say;
Yet when it comes, the day
When he no longer points us on our way,
Raising his great voice in his little land,
The world may shrivel to a satellite,
Peopled by ants and spinning into night
Unmanned.

—SEC

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quality and the amount of weapons the Russians might be willing to lend their Chinese allies? Don't our leaders know they are running the risk of losing Formosa—and much more than Formosa—in Quemoy?

TO THESE questions, which ought to be asked—and out loud—we found some answers in the lead article of a recent issue of *Business Week*, a thoroughly responsible and renownedly well-informed publication. The title is "Prospect: A Fight for a Truce." The article says: "There might possibly be serious cease-fire negotiations before the U.S. itself gets involved in fighting. That's what Washington still wants. It's what London and New Delhi still are working for, though with diminishing hope. Negotiations at this stage, however, might possibly involve the U.S. in a complete revamping of our China policy—recognition of two Chinas and perhaps even the end of the trade embargo against Peking."

So according to *Business Week* the Administration, rather than undergo a "complete revamping of our China policy," prefers to run the chance of war.

Business Week concludes that the President "refuses—just to satisfy opinion abroad—to be pushed into a conference that has no chance of success." And what chance of success would this war have? Would the Administration be able to stop it at the right time, after the enemy had been given the right dosage of tiny atomic weapons?

Moreover, if war actually came, no matter how limited, it might have to be ended by some kind of peace—and how could we have peace with Red China without a "complete revamping of our China policy"?

SOMETIMES it is gratifying to look at the pictures of our national leaders. They look quite vigorous and serene, even those who are not so young and travel a lot, like Secretary Dulles. It is obvious they manage to sleep at night.

Courting the Kremlin

President Roosevelt is being pilloried these days for having been rather chummy with Stalin at Yalta. But just during the last few weeks our Secretary of State has been singing serenades under the windows of the Kremlin. Isn't there any "man of stature" with whom a man can talk? Lately, Mr. Dulles has made it quite plain that the Russian leaders are much better than the Chinese ones, since traditionally they concentrate upon "consolidating their internal position" rather than risking external ventures.

Briefly, they are nationalists, which means that they are all right. They are more like Tito, a fellow who sometimes shows an ugly temper, but with whom, in the end, it's possible to do business. He too is a nationalist.

We wonder what will happen to Mr. Dulles the day he finds out that Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai too are nationalists, and indeed that China throughout its tumultuous history has repeatedly acted as an adventurous, imperialistic power. Then the notion may dawn in Mr. Dulles's mind that, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, nationalism is the last refuge of a half-educated boor.

Mr. Hoover's Presidency

Herbert Hoover, Sr., that hearty octogenarian, is a remarkable man. He works between seventy and eighty hours a week. Since his departure from the Presidency twenty-two years ago, he has twice manfully undertaken to overhaul the Federal government. In a recent speech he announced that some people would dislike his forthcoming reports, but that he was managing to console himself with the thought "Old reformers never die; they get thrown out."

Close examination of the second Hoover Commission's make-up shows significant changes from the first. Although half the commissioners are Republicans and half are Democrats, all but one come from the conservative faction of each party. Last time Dean Acheson was the vice-chairman; this time there is none. Last time the staffs were chosen by all the commissioners; now they are the sole responsibility of Mr. Hoover. The report on overseas economic operations has been put in the hands of a discharged employee who has already once done a hatchet job on FOA as a staff employee of

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Senator Styles Bridges. The largest amount of money and manpower is being spent on the water resources and power study, whose twenty-six-man task force includes not one friend of public power but many of its noted enemies, such as Chairman Ben Moreell, Charles Edison, Jr., and J. Bracken Lee.

ACCORDING to Mr. Hoover, this is as it should be. Representative Wright Patman wrote the ex-President asking why no vice-chairman had been selected, though the statute specifically provided for one. He also wanted to know whether the Commission was delving into policy matters, and whether the chairman considered his group truly bipartisan.

Mr. Hoover answered that Congressman Patman would have to poll the members of the Commission to find out why there was no vice-chairman. Since Mr. Hoover himself spends considerable time on the job, "perhaps the Commission feels that no Vice Chairman is needed . . ." As for taking up matters of Federal policy and not just of bureaucratic reorganization, the commissioners felt that economy and efficiency "may well be achieved through policy changes." And although the first Hoover Commission had by law been bipartisan, this time Mr. Hoover noted that "this word was left out" of the statute.

Even Republican members of the Commission may have difficulty in accepting this simplified view. We asked Representative Clarence Brown of Ohio, a prominent sponsor of both the first and second Hoover Commissions, how the whole thing got under way. "It was in the days of the Eightieth Congress," he told us, "and I went to a lot of trouble to keep the politics out of it. Since I'm a conservative Midwesterner, I let a young liberal introduce it in the Senate. I knew the Commission would be no better than its staff, so we worked hard to get good men. I even told Harry Truman: 'Mr. President,' I promised him, 'this Commission can only work if we keep the politics out.' And he kept his word and we kept ours."

How does Congressman Brown feel about the second Hoover Commission? "No comment," he said.

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CORRESPONDENCE

DR. WERTHAM REPLIES

To the Editor: I wish to correct some factual misconceptions that cropped up in your Correspondence columns on March 10, following Marya Mannes's article "The 'Night of Horror' in Brooklyn," which originally appeared in *The Reporter* of January 27.

Absolute secrecy and absolute confidence are the keynote of all psychiatry and psychotherapy. In the case of the Brooklyn "thrill killers" I was asked by the defense to examine eighteen-year-old Jack Koslow. After my exhaustive psychiatric examination of him, he gave me full and specific permission to use any detail told me in any way I saw fit on his behalf. Unfortunately, the psychiatric data were not made known to the jury before it reached its verdict, nor to the judge (who very fairly gave me every opportunity to examine the boy) before sentence.

Even now I still consider it my duty to say things on his behalf. He told me, "I am not cruel-hearted," and I believe him. His co-defendant, seventeen-year-old Melvin Mittman, is a good-natured and suggestible boy. If in the next fifty years these two human beings behave in the most exemplary fashion, they still—at the ages of sixty-eight and sixty-seven—can have no glimmer of hope of parole, rehabilitation, or liberty; they were sent to jail for life with that provision.

Revenge—especially blind revenge—is not a rational answer for the community as a whole, if one wants to guard against future crimes. There are a number of concrete social and personal factors which can be isolated, studied, and learned from such a case. I gave some data to Marya Mannes for her article in the hope not only of helping future offenders but also Jack Koslow and Melvin Mittman themselves when a future Governor will go over their records with a view to executive clemency.

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.
New York City

SEC'S TRIUMPH

To the Editor: I trust *The Reporter* will not be too modest to take credit for a remarkable change in Administration policy.

In your issue of February 24, "SEC" addressed a few lines to the President asking him to invite someone not a chairman of the board to lunch. A few weeks ago the practice of announcing the names of the President's guests was abandoned.

Obviously SEC's advice was followed, but it would hardly do to make the names public.

GILBERT SELDES
New York City

POUJADISME

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading Blake Ehrlich's article on the Pierre Poujade movement in France (*The Reporter*, March 10). I think, however, that the problem of "Poujadisme" goes deeper than a mere grass-roots movement of resistance to red tape, or what its adherents call "discriminatory taxation."

The fact is that the French economic structure is burdened with terrifically oversized commercial and artisan sectors. Much of the commercial sector is doomed to elimination because of the rapid growth of American-type department stores, which can offer prices far beneath those that a small tradesman must charge; also, as postwar France is unable to keep up with the prewar system of eliminating the deficit in its economy by the revenue from French capital placed abroad, it must now depend on improving its means of production and exportation to stay alive. This of course means that most of the artisans will eventually disappear, along with many of the *petits commerçants.*

The question is "Disappearance to where?" This is where "Poujadisme" comes in. It is a last-ditch stand, or if you like, a death rattle, of the traditional French *petits bourgeois.* The Union de Défense des Commerçants et Artisans is a union of people who are afraid—afraid of being pressed into the proletariat, from which the French "small people" have always taken care to distinguish themselves by sacrificing a large part of their tiny income for good clothes and education, often at the expense of good nourishment. Most of the people whom Poujade claims to defend can continue to exist "in their class" only because they cheat on their tax returns. They look upon the tax inspectors as a menace to this existence.

I would also like to point out that comparisons are being drawn between the phenomenal rise of "Poujadisme" and the rise of Hitlerism after inflation had wiped out elements of the German middle classes.

WILLIAM A. SCHAFFER
Paris

'PARTNERSHIP'

To the Editor: I should like to reply to a few of the misrepresentations in the article entitled "Partnership in Power and the Public Interest," by Congressman Harris Ellsworth in *The Reporter* for March 24.

1. Mr. Ellsworth attempts to give the picture of a Federal power monopoly. Actually, according to the New York *Times*, six per cent of energy in the United States is generated by municipal systems, thirteen per cent by the Federal government, and eighty-one per cent by private power companies.

2. It is illuminating that the only so-called "partnership" which Mr. Ellsworth describes in detail is that of the Eugene, Oregon, municipal system for a small plant on a minor stream. He carefully steers away from the private-utility corporation schemes for taking over big power plants at government dams on major rivers like the Columbia.

3. I regard it as highly important that Mr. Ellsworth admits that at public projects like Bonneville, "the Treasury gets its money back with interest." Yet Secretary of the Interior McKay has been referring to such projects as "subsidized power." Does this mean Mr. Ellsworth is now refuting Mr. McKay's policy and propaganda line?

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4. Mr. Ellsworth describes the cost of power facilities as "an unnecessary burden upon the Federal taxpayer." Under Mr. Ellsworth's proposed Cougar Dam "partnership," the cost of these facilities would be about $11 million—and would monopolize all the revenue. But he fails to mention that the full cost of the project is $37 million and the Federal taxpayer would bear, without return, the cost of the remaining $26 million. Apparently Mr. Ellsworth regards the $11-million revenue-producing feature an unnecessary burden to the taxpayer, but the unprofitable $26 million a necessary one.

How has Mr. Ellsworth's "unnecessary burden" paid off in the case of Bonneville? The latest report of that agency to Secretary McKay shows the Bonneville system has repaid $340,565,589 of Federal investment, "a total repayment of nearly $65 million in excess of scheduled requirements as of June 30, 1954."

5. Mr. Ellsworth asks, "And how is the Eisenhower Administration's partnership policy working out?" He replies, "Results to date have been eminently rewarding." Why so much satisfaction over absolutely nothing? Not a shovelful of dirt has been turned at any of the "partnership" projects to which Mr. Ellsworth refers.

6. Mr. Ellsworth agrees that under the Federal program, power users "probably will enjoy a reduction in rates when the amortization charge ends." That is a sharp contrast to private companies, which continually refinance but never retire their bonded debt. Under their method, the power user has little or no hope of rate reductions, because amortization becomes perpetual.

7. Mr. Ellsworth claims that "where power is developed by private companies, the public interest is always fully protected." What about Insull, what about Dixon-Yates, what about the far higher light rates charged by private companies than by competing public systems?

8. Mr. Ellsworth significantly chose to ignore my references to the proposed give-away of Federal grazing lands and timber stands under the present Administration. Evidently he considers this of no concern to the public.

9. Mr. Ellsworth implies that I am suggesting "that the power business be socialized." I do not deal in scare words. I merely suggest that great power sites like Hells Canyon and John Day be developed with Federal dams. This was the program of Theodore Roosevelt, George Norris, and Charles McNary of Oregon. If these men recommended that "the power business be socialized," then I plead guilty too. Their program was good enough for me.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: The approach of the public-power advocate is the approach of the person interested in getting the Federal government into the operation of all American business, and these people generally forget that the Constitution says nothing about the Federal government being in business.

BARRY GOLDWATER
U.S. Senate
Washington

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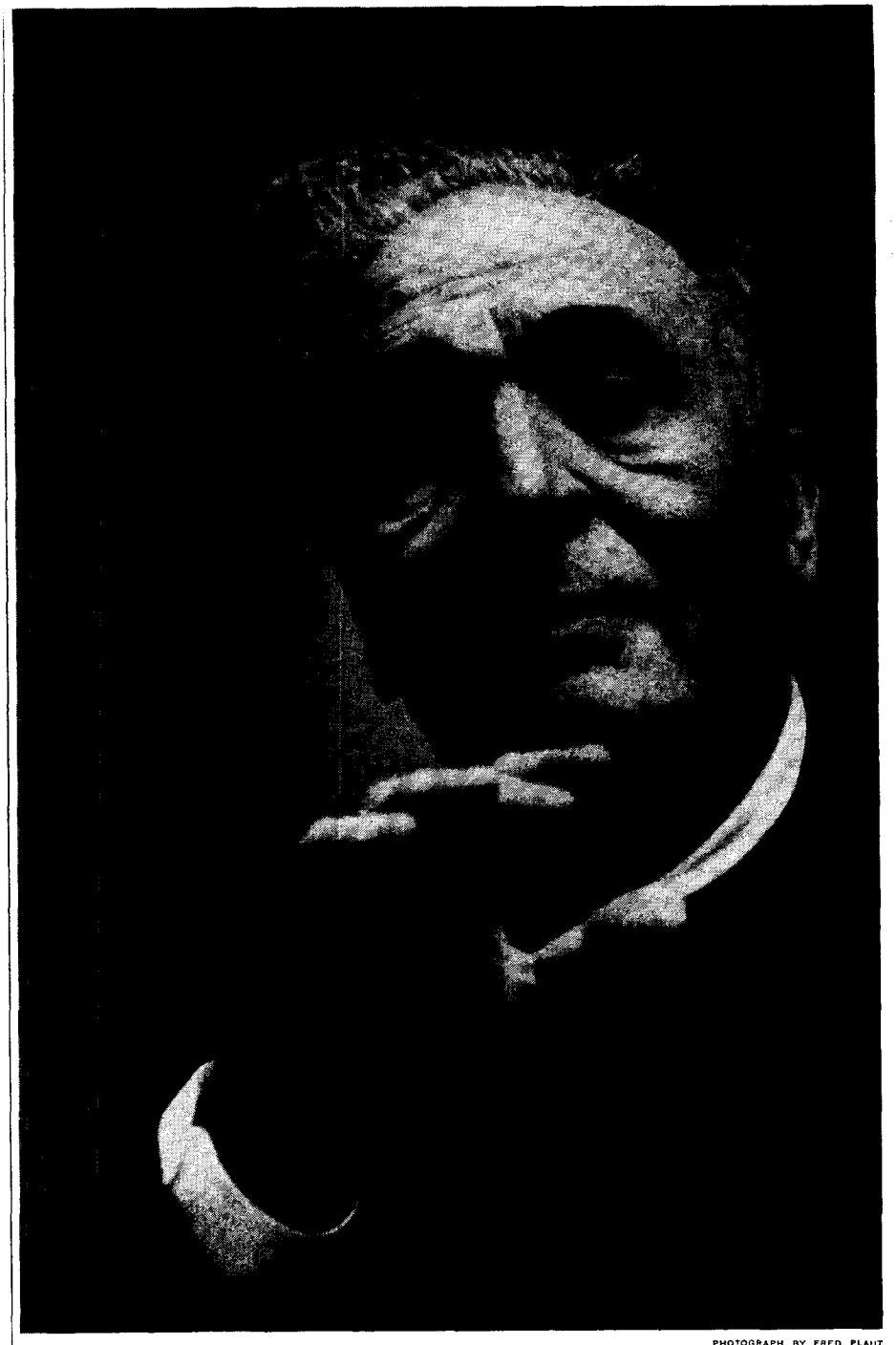

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"WHY, and above all why now?" many asked when the so-called Yalta papers were released. *The Reporter*, or rather its unfortunate Editor, emerged from the ordeal of reading the papers with a number of conclusions. Space does not admit the inclusion of some juicy tidbits such as the toast to "The Common Man" made by a ranking member of the American delegation at one of the Yalta dinners. The man who echoed Henry Wallace's pet slogan was Secretary of State James M. Byrnes. **Max Ascoli's** editorial leads to this conclusion: The publication of the Yalta papers was at the very least as great a miscalculation on the part of those responsible as the political and military decisions reached at Yalta.

A parallel conclusion as to the miscalculations at Yalta, reached independently by an expert and authoritative historian, appears in this same issue of *The Reporter*. Given the hasty way in which the Yalta Conference was prepared, miscalculations were unavoidable. But in the case of Russia's entry into war against Japan, they were not so great as is generally assumed. The Russians at Yalta were given more or less what they would have taken anyway. **Louis Morton** is chief of the Pacific Section of the Army's Office of Military History.

Robert Bendiner tackles a subject whose importance cannot be diminished even by its forbidding name "automation." A new phase in the Industrial Revolution is opening through the magic developments in electronics. The introduction of machinery uprooted men from the countryside and brought them to the hardship and misery of improvised industrial centers. It led Karl Marx to formulate his wild generalizations. In the long run the world has greatly benefited from Industrial Revolution and suffered immensely from Marx's generalizations. Automation, almost entirely an American affair, should not lead to further Marxist vagaries. If these new instruments are handled with a true sense of human values they will make Marxism as obsolete as the first steam engine.

LO AND BEHOLD! Generalissimo Franco, of all people, has become the champion of the Moors. The last time he thought of them was when he shipped them in to crush democracy in Spain. Now, in Spanish Morocco, he is using their aspirations to freedom in order to create trouble for France, Great Britain, and, since we have many bases in North Africa, the United States. The tale of what this precious ally of ours is up to is told by **Rom Landau,** professor of Islamic and North African Studies at the American Academy of Asian Studies in San Francisco.

We always think of security risks as risks to the U.S. government. Anna Louise Strong was a security risk to the Russians. She has now been "cleared" by the Kremlin. How she lived under a Russian cloud is told by political analyst **Paul Willen,** a young graduate of the Russian Institute at Columbia University who is establishing himself as an authority on Communist affairs.

Representative Harrison A. Williams (D., New Jersey) emerged on the national scene when he won an upset election in a strongly Republican New Jersey district. He raises an important question: Will the Administration's economy drive bring the end of that organic program for economic assistance which was set in motion by the Marshall Plan?

Charles and Jean Komaiko bring us good news about the American Legion.

Robert Ardrey is now traveling in Africa. He is one of Hollywood's most outstanding script writers, and his play "Sing Me No Lullaby" was recently produced in New York.

The study of a Chicago publishing house, Henry Regnery, is by **Tom Parrish,** who has produced educational radio programs for the University of Chicago.

Nora Magid is a member of *The Reporter* staff. **Theodore Draper** contributes another of his appraisals of recent books on Russia.

Our cover is by **Donald Higgins.**

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The Road from Yalta

With the publication of the Yalta papers, a huge hunk of history in the raw sprinkled with "unevaluated," "derogatory" information designed to blacken the memory of Franklin Roosevelt has been offered the American public. However, we must admit that the experience of wading through these half million words is far from unrewarding. Indeed, this mud bath is invigorating.

Unquestionably Stalin comes out by all odds the most arresting of the three protagonists. We western men, accustomed to rulers whose power is constrained by traditions and principles, cannot help being appalled at the sight—no matter how dimly reflected in this arbitrary collection of papers—of this human being who was but the animated instrument of one of the most formidable accumulations of sheer power the world has ever had to endure. As Stalin appears in these documents, his reasoning, his will, even his sense of humor were determined solely by his registration of his own or of other people's power. The idea that this exclusive club—the Big Three—could be enlarged to accommodate other nations was plainly ludicrous to him. What sense was there in listing France among the big? "Three powers are better than four," he once said. The inclusion of China among the big—Roosevelt's pet obsession—was of course equally preposterous.

The prospect that in the General Assembly of the United Nations a country like Albania—according to the principle that one nation should have one vote—would be considered an equal of the Big Three appeared to him an uproariously funny quirk of legalistic minds. He kept asking about small nations—Egypt, for instance, or the Latin-American ones—sometimes worrying about these queer little things, at other times in a spirit of sheer amusement. Some of them had not even recognized Soviet Russia, he said. Roosevelt reassured him: It was mostly that they had not yet got around to it, he said.

The former student of theology had thoroughly forsaken God. The notion that there could be something like equality and unity among individuals as well as among nations had obviously long been erased from his mind. But he never tired of asserting his belief in equality and unity among the Big Three—a unity which in his judgment should last for the next fifty years. There is a ring of inhuman, metallic sincerity in these emphatic assertions. He certainly did not speculate on what might happen at the expiration of that period, for surely he thought the time would come when two would be better than three and finally when one would be much better than two. In his Marxist mind, there must have been no doubt as to who the one was to be. But there is little or no trace of Marxism in what he is reported to have said at Yalta. He talked the language of power, not of dialectical materialism. It was his belief that for quite a while the world had better remain carved out in three empires or spheres of influence. What was the sense of so much talk about voting procedures for an international organization-to-be?

Did They Know What He Meant?

Yet the other two protagonists kept talking about voting procedures. Indeed, they spent a great deal of time talking about free elections in Poland. Stalin obviously had not the remotest notion of what a free election was; and Poland, in his mind, obviously fell within the Soviet sphere of influence. From time to time, Churchill gave him reason to assume that the sphere-of-influence idea was not totally repugnant to His Majesty's Government, as when, for instance, he thanked Stalin "for not having taken too great an interest in Greek affairs." But Roosevelt must have seemed to him utterly charming and utterly hopeless. He had just been elected to a fourth term—and was still worrying about the Polish vote.

Truly, no interpreter's wizardry could establish

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communication between Stalin and the other two. Churchill probably could come somewhat closer to understanding Stalin's mind, for he was born into a family that from Marlborough down had had long experience with power. His urbane irony could often reach Stalin, as when he interrupted the dictator's berating of France for its 1940 defeat by blandly observing "that we all made our mistakes at the beginning of the war."

As for Roosevelt there was not much forcefulness left in him, according to the published papers, and not much brilliance. Just five months before, when he made the Fala speech, he had electrified the nation. At Yalta his zest for life, for so long indomitable, was flickering. The shadow of that other Democratic war President, Woodrow Wilson, was haunting him. He acted as if he did not trust the American people or feared that the American people did not trust him. At the second session of the Conference, he made the fatal declaration that once the war was over Congress would probably not allow American troops to stay in Europe for more than a couple of years. He objected to having German reparations specified in terms of cash, for he feared that the American people might ask for some of that cash.

In the texture of his truly great personality, the warp of the statesmen had been tightly woven with the woof of the politician. To judge from the Yalta papers, not much of the statesman was left. The politician kept thinking and—what is nearly incredible—talking about the voting blocs that in the trade of electioneering are called foreign-language groups. Above all, Roosevelt was in a terrible hurry. He wanted a constituent assembly of the United Nations and Polish elections, at the earliest possible date, just as he wanted decisions at Yalta in the shortest possible time. Time was running out on him.

All Three Lost

Who failed at Yalta? Everybody did, and probably Stalin most heavily and irretrievably. He could have taken over every country where there was a strong Communist Party—from Italy to Burma—in the months immediately following the Axis defeat. That was the time when the American armed forces were being disbanded in a mad orgy of demobilization and when our atomic stockpile did not amount to much. But in his crude mind Stalin could not bring himself to believe that the other two powers would not—with some pious face saving—ultimately accept his sphere-of-influence scheme.

Churchill too, the greatest of the Victorian Prime Ministers, failed at Yalta. True, had he accepted the Stalin scheme, he might have kept the Empire and even enlarged it. But there is also such a thing as honor, an obligation that must be respected in the conduct of British affairs. British honor was engaged in Poland.

There is not much use, however, in gloating over other people's failures. The American adventure that was our participation in the Second World War ended in failure at Yalta because, throughout its strenuous course, victory over the Axis powers was pursued as an end in itself. That phony so-called realism to which so many of us are still devoted made our leaders believe that first things come first: First make sure of victory, then worry about a new world order. Meanwhile every co-belligerent is to be treated as a full-fledged ally, every Darlan is our man, and Joseph Stalin is Uncle Joe.

At Yalta, when the war was practically won, the American dilettantes in realism could see what real realism looked like. Its name was Stalin. Had our leaders understood and accepted Stalin's offer, a spell of peace could have been ours for the asking. But this would have meant literally bargaining away our souls.

What is truly remarkable is that the same faults, the same mistakes that led us to Yalta still lead us into situations more dangerous than those we had to face when Hitler was our enemy. For we now fight Communism exactly as we fought the Axis—in a completely negative way, with the same blind belief that everybody who is against Communism is good enough for us, with the same spurious realism: first things first.

In fact, the publication of the Yalta papers was largely determined by the same motives that clouded Roosevelt's mind at Yalta. Some Republican leaders wanted to have the Yalta revelations made public with the greatest blare to roll back Democratic influence over certain foreign-language groups. These Republican leaders do not mind tearing the texture of American unity at its seams. These men, however, ably helped by our Secretary of State, have added to the old wartime realism the all-pervading fumes of sanctimoniousness.

At Yalta, we answered the truly diabolic offer of Stalin with the expression of our faith in free and unfettered elections. At present we are much worse off: We are divided from the British not by minor rifts but by an ever-widening chasm, and, afraid to have either war or peace with the enemy, we flirt with both prospects. We have come a long way on the road from Yalta. Now Stalin is gone but his successors are there, with the same tempting offers.

It is proper that after ten years we should be so deeply concerned with Yalta. In all truth it can be said: This is where we came in.

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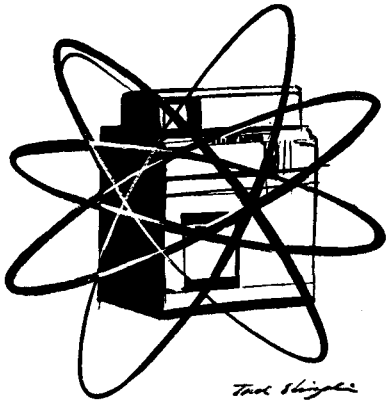
The Age of the Thinking Robot, And What It Will Mean to Us

ROBERT BENDINER

PROBABLY NOT since Dr. Freud reached the crest of his popularity has the public been treated to a flow of synthetic words as glittering and bewildering as those now being poured out by the prophets of the new industrial technology. Literature on the subject, which is piling up by the ton, is often rounded out with a glossary for the layman, and one enterprising firm has actually issued a little dictionary of the jargon, from "automation," the sacred key word, through "cybernetics" to "servomechanism" and beyond.

It is perhaps too much to expect precision in this new argot when the concepts, especially of automation itself, are still so varied and the inferences drawn from them are so dazzlingly at odds with each other. Take automation—at the broadest of its dozen definitions—to mean the operation of a productive system without human operators or hardly any, and you will discover from a bewildering day's reading that "The automatic factory and even the automatic office are coming nearer to reality [but] as in the past, these changes will of course be gradual. . . ."—Haldon A. Leedy, Illinois Institute of Technology. Then again, "Automation will mushroom . . . we want it to mushroom . . . we couldn't stop it even if we wanted to. It will bring great change to all of us."—Gordon S. Brown, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Or, more to your taste if you are in a hurry, "The automatic factory is not merely coming. It is already here."—National Association of Manufacturers. But, strangely, "There are no such factories and no such machines, nor will there ever be. . . ." —Benjamin F. Fairless, United States Steel Corporation.

You will learn from John Diebold, editor of *Automatic Control,* that automation is "a pattern that will have more meaning for our individual lives and for our collective future than the double-mushroom shape of atomic explosions." You will learn from this same Mr. Diebold, who is something of a high priest in the movement, that its



"probable impact upon the economy has been greatly exaggerated." To the United States Chamber of Commerce, the whole thing is just a "bogeyman conjured up by the collectivists to replace an unpromising bogey named 'Economic Collapse.'"

In such swampy terrain it behooves the observer to move with caution, but on the basis of what has already occurred, it takes no unusual rashness to report that major changes are in fact taking place in American manufacturing, processing, and office work. They are changes of such scope and nature that, as we shall see, it is fatuous to regard them merely as extensions of the technological progress we have known for a century. Add to them the imminent introduction of atomic power into private industry, and it becomes startlingly probable that, war or no war, the United States of 1970 will no more resemble our present society than it resembles Andrew Jackson's.

'The Fairyland'

What is there in automation that takes it out of the normal stream of mechanical progress and gives it an entirely new dimension? Unlike individual machines that have revolutionized only their own industries, automation calls for a basic change along the whole productive front. It is comparable, not to the linotype in printing or the Bessemer process in steel, but to such historic concepts as mass production itself, concepts that revolutionized whole economies and made sweeping changes in the social structure.

Where the first Industrial Revolution substituted machinery on a vast scale for human and animal muscle, the second promises on a comparable scale to substitute machinery for the human brain—not at top levels, of course, but in the normal run of the productive process. Since James Watt put steam to work, men have labored at their separate machines, feeding them, guiding them, correcting them, timing their operations, and in general controlling their work at every state of the procedure. Today automated equipment, given advance instructions by punch cards or recording tape, can process raw materials, assemble the parts, correct its own errors, reject or rework parts that do not measure up to specifications, and even inspect the finished product, the linked chain of machines operating as an integrated whole and controlled by a central electronic brain.

Considering the enormous possibilities in automation, both industry

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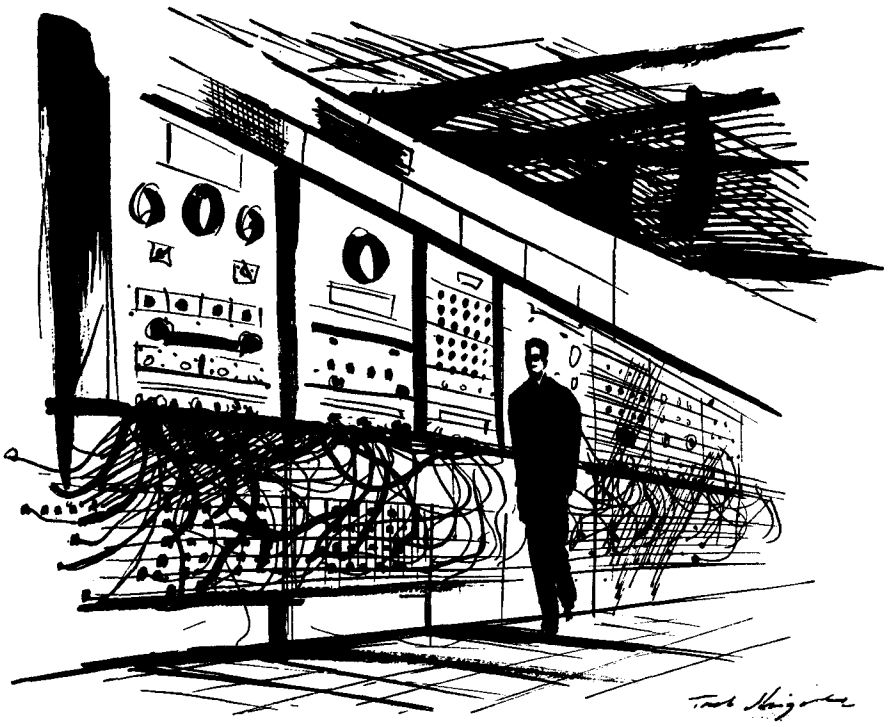
and labor are approaching with a caution that borders on the jitters what an N.A.M. booklet archly calls "the fairyland of the world to come." Captains of industry who fear that the very word "automation" will prompt organized labor to painful demands tend at times to belittle the whole development, while at other times they revel in its promise of low-cost abundance. In the same way, trade-union chiefs have one eye hopefully trained on the coming era of plenty and the other cautiously fixed on the more imminent possibility of technological unemployment.

Mr. Fairless and countless other preachers on the subject never tire of pointing out that, far from being new or strange, automation goes back at least to the flour mill that one Oliver Evans operated near Philadelphia in 1784—a system of conveyors run by water power in which the grain was picked up, carried through several grinding operations, and delivered as finished flour. Punch cards? No newer, they point out, than the player piano and Jacquard's loom.



TRUE ENOUGH, these were remarkable devices in their day, but they no more rob of significance this second Industrial Revolution now upon us than the wheel and the lever can be said to have taken the edge off the first. For automation at its fullest is not merely the existence of separate machines, however automatic, but the controlled operation of an entire factory or process in which the machines, as linked units, automatically perform their manipulations in specified sequences, with electronic judgment substituted for the perception of the machinist or foreman. With complete automation, operators disappear from the scene, leaving huge and highly productive plants to be manned only by a maintenance crew and a few engineers to set the equipment and check the dials for trouble signals.

Only a few factories are completely or nearly automated, but even a cursory survey will reveal the deep inroads that have already been made.

Naturally enough, it is in the production of dangerous war materials that automation has had its most complete workout. In Bedford, Ohio, a chemical company turns out a monthly quota of 650,000 pounds of napalm, the jellied gasoline used in incendiary bombs. On any given shift the entire plant, ten thousand square feet in area, is operated by four men and a supervisor, whose jobs consist mostly of maintenance. Automatic-control panels regulate the flow of ingredients, and a sequential interlocking of motors and conveyors does the rest. Production costs are fifty-nine per cent lower than with the conventional method.

Similarly, 155-mm. shells are turned out for the government by United States Industries, Inc., in an automatic factory at Rockford, Illinois. "It is impressive," says the corporation's president, "to watch this tremendous plant operating and to listen to the sounds of the metal being worked in so many ways at such a rapid pace, to see the whole operation being conducted through stations throughout the plant, full of blinking lights and clicking relays, attended by one or two men at each station."

Automation has made most headway in industries most readily reduced to a continuous-flow process—such as oil refining, flour milling, and chemical production.

"A man may work for months on a pipeline or in a refinery or even in the production fields," says an official of the Oil Workers Union, "and never see nor touch oil." To be sure, refineries have been highly automatic for many years, ever since the laborious method of distilling oil in batches was abandoned. But automatic production is not the same as automation, and it might be well at this point to state the most essential difference.

'Feedback'

In a word the difference is *feedback*. Not to make a mystery of it, feedback is a technique for self-correction. An outfielder chasing a fly ball constantly corrects his speed and direction as his mind estimates and re-estimates the location at which the ball will descend. That is feedback with a human mind giving the orders. When a ship is set to steer a certain course, the steering mechanism will automatically swing to starboard if the ship veers too far to port, and vice versa. That is feedback with an automatic compass giving the orders. In automated equipment an electronic brain constantly compares variables in the work being done — temperature, speed, thickness, or whatever—with a set of given specifications, continuously correcting the machinery to which it is linked until precisely the prescribed conditions are met, down to the finest tolerances.

It is this tremendous advance that is at the heart of true automation,

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making it possible in refineries for a few skilled workers to sit at a master-control panel and watch the equipment itself guide crude oil through various intricate steps until it emerges as gasoline or some other petroleum product. An industry spokesman says that a refinery that employs eight hundred people without modern instrumentation could do the same job with twelve people if instrumentation were utilized to the fullest possible extent.

Watch the Blocks Go By

Solids are harder to handle, but some of the most complex problems were solved by the time the Ford Motor Company opened its much-publicized engine plant near Cleveland three years ago. Here six-cylinder engine blocks are turned out by the union of an electronic brain, fed by twenty-seven miles of wire, and forty-two mechanical hands in the form of automatic machine units. Through this giant complex, 1,545 feet long, rough castings are pushed, pulled, turned in every direction, conveyed, and subjected to cutting, drilling, honing, milling, boring, and broaching in more than five hundred manless operations, each one checked and inspected only by the "brain" itself for performance and accuracy. Thoroughly instructed in advance, it decides when a block is ready for the grinder, how fine it is to be ground, and where it is to move when it is done. A block that once took nine hours to complete is now sped through in fifteen minutes.

Where it once took thirty-nine men working twenty-nine machines just to drill the necessary oil holes in a crankshaft, only nine men are needed for that job at the new Ford plant. Most of the small crew lost in the acre of machinery stand by and watch, and replace worn tools whenever a "toolmeter" panel flashes the signal that some particular instrument is approaching the end of its usefulness. "Ours is the only foundry in the world," says the manager proudly, "where the molding sand used to make castings is never touched by human hands except maybe out of curiosity."

Perhaps laboring the obvious, a Ford spokesman is quoted by Walter Reuther as saying, "Automation reduces labor tremendously. Our experience has shown that we can count on a reduction of twenty-five to thirty per cent in what we call 'direct' labor." No men were laid off as a result of this stride in automation simply because it was an addition to existing plant, established in a period of expanding production.

White-Collar Robots

Most automation men agree that the electronic displacement of humans will go farthest and fastest in the office. There, according to a leading accountant, "computers are . . . going to be like bulldozers in the construction industry." It took only a short time to realize that electronic brains which could do a year's astronomical computations in a few minutes or speed an anti-aircraft shell to its moving target could be turned from science and war to the requirements of business. Instead of storing its magnetic "memory" with data on velocities, voltages, temperatures, and the like, one had only to feed it information on payroll rates, income-tax data, overtime, Social Security, etc. The result, as scores of users of I.B.M. and Remington Rand computers can already attest, is that these machines now make up the most complex payroll, perform the necessary accounting operations, and, with their own high-speed printers, run off the pay register and make out the checks.

Insurance companies are particularly ripe for this sort of automation. Three of the largest have already gone electronic, with machines like Univac and I.B.M.'s "701" hired to bill customers for premiums, calculate agents' commissions, figure dividends, and work out all the necessary actuarial data. Prudential is counting on its electronic computer to replace sixty to seventy-five other machines along with their operators —two hundred in one department alone.

What the Ford engine plant represents in the way of robot industry, General Electric represents in the field of office automation. In its Major Appliance Division at Louisville, Univac has been assigned to far more than turning out the payroll. Its chief contribution will be in the highly complex work of inventory control. According to W. W. Smith, who serves as Univac's superior, "If the decision is made to increase the production of appliances from one thousand to two thousand per day, Univac within a matter of hours will be able to show the effect on every item of inventory. . . . To do the same job on a manual basis as one part of total manufacturing planning often requires up to three weeks or longer."

Skills and Uses

To mention all the types of robots already holding down jobs in American industry and business would tax the reader's patience, but the following items will at least suggest the variety of machine talents to be had on the market today:

Baking: You can "tape" cake or bread now by merely inserting the necessary instructions in a machine.

Radios: Thanks to a system for eliminating wire circuits, which require soldering at all contact points, radios can be and are being turned out automatically. Motorola is reported to have a machine that can spit out complete sets once the components are fed into it. Raytheon Manufacturing Company has a chassis-assembly line, geared to a thousand radios a day, that is operated by two employees where standard methods of production would require two hundred. Admiral, working through a gadget called Robot I, can assemble half a television receiver chassis in a matter of seconds.

Tanning: Automatic controls in a big Milwaukee tannery now mix the acids and oils and regulate the drying temperature while conveyors put the hides through various processing machines. One-third of the men do the work formerly required and turn out a better product in less time.

Electric Power: A conventional plant of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company employs a hundred men for 290,000 kilowatt-hours of production, but the company's new push-button plant employs twenty-eight men for 420,000 kwh. This is typical for the industry, which turns out five times the electric power it did twenty years ago with only fifteen per cent more personnel. But what has utility workers far more agitated is the prospect of

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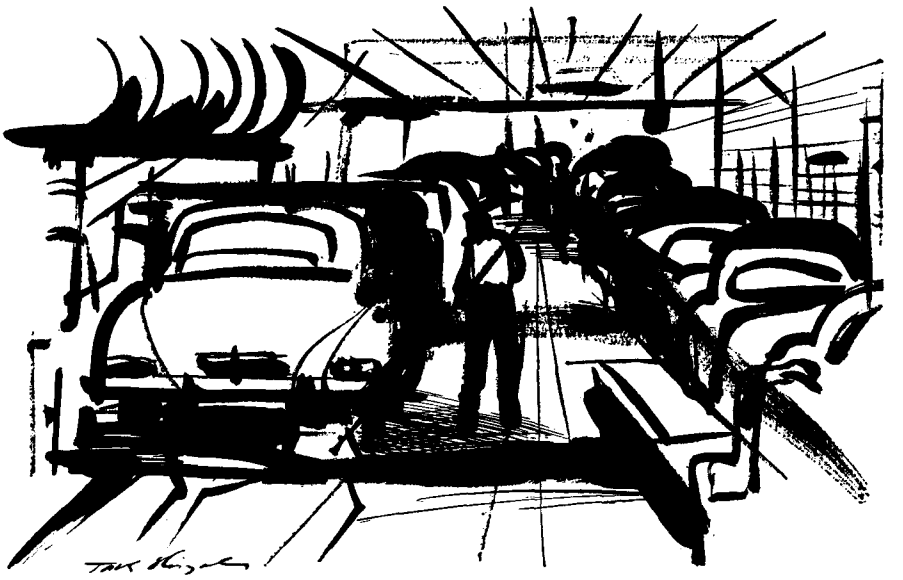
atom-produced electric power in less than ten years. A pilot plant going up right now is expected to need only six men to furnish electricity for the entire City of Pittsburgh.

Telephones: Even in this industry, where electronic automation is as old as the dial system, the innovations are astonishing. Through Direct Distance Dialing, now available to some subscribers, a caller may by fingering a few digits get the services of an electronic long-distance operator. In fifteen seconds the robot will have located the shortest telephone path from, say, New York to Los Angeles, made the connection, and recorded the call for your bill.



The Trouble with Labor . . .

While most of the country still regards such reports as good reading of the "ain't-science-wonderful" variety, the blossoming of these marvels has alerted intelligent industrialists, labor leaders, and sociologists to the prospect of great change, with or without a prolonged struggle.

At this stage, it might be said that a strained air of reasonableness prevails, with a good deal of nervous anxiety showing through on both sides. In the National Association of Manufacturers booklet "An Introduction to the Automatic Machine Age," the future is painted in rosy hues, but there will be responsibilities too, "including the responsibilities of industry for . . . the reallocation of man-power to dry up temporary pools of unemployment."

J. Douglas Elliott, a high official of the Detroit Edison Company, concedes with others that "These new brains are going to replace workers—a lot of workers," though in the long run they will create more jobs, shorten working hours, and increase our standard of living. But in spite of these ultimately fair prospects, he adds, "Management men are somewhat ill at ease, too. . . . They are apprehensive about labor problems resulting from mass layoffs and the problems of hiring and training highly skilled technicians to keep their operations going."

AT THE SAME TIME, sterner voices are being raised on the industrial side of the fence. John I. Snyder, Jr., president of United States Industries, Inc., puts it bluntly: "It often has been thought that automation in its ultimate sense in any industrial plant is a desirable goal because it will reduce labor costs. . . . But reduction of labor costs is only a part of the point. Another highly desirable feature of automation in relation to labor is the fact that machines are easier to control than people (and this is a blessing in our democratic society). The more machines the fewer people, and therefore the easier the control problem." Even assuming that Mr. Snyder is talking strictly about mechanical controls, his point remains that the main trouble with labor today is people.

The same general sentiment was voiced at one of *Fortune* magazine's round tables by Dr. J. J. Brown of Aluminium, Ltd.: "Now men by definition are difficult and tricky things to play around with. You have employee-relations men, time-study men; you have training and educational directors; you have personnel men, washroom men, cafeteria men. That all costs money. My point is this: that if we could take some of the money that we are spending in trying to ease the pain of our assembly-line personnel, and apply that money for some research to get the men out of there entirely, we would be far better off in the long run." A sociological note in another issue of the same journal, by the way, reveals that so many of the employees to be supplanted are young women, at least in offices, that engineers have taken to estimating the new machines in terms of "G.P.'s or girl-power displaced."

But probably it is J. J. Jaeger, a Pratt and Whitney official, who has expounded the hardheaded view most candidly: "I don't think we are consciously trying to ease the burden of our workers nor consciously trying to improve their standard of living. These things take care of themselves. They have a feedback of their own that closes the loop automatically. I don't think it is the part, nor can it be the part, of industry to try to plan the social aspects of this thing."

'The Long Run'

It is precisely this supposition—that some natural law, some self-regulatory process, will automatically take care of any surplus labor—that rouses the fears and suspicions of trade-union leaders. In the long run, society will no doubt adjust itself to the change, just as it did some generations after the beginning of the first Industrial Revolution. But labor is not willing to buy an eventual boost in living standards for all at the cost of any such prolonged suffering as followed Watt's tinkering with a teakettle. "The long run," in Reuther's view, ". . . is not the consideration, for, as Lord Keynes once said, in the long run we are all dead."

Nevertheless, and in spite of what Fairless professes to see as "a great propaganda campaign which is clearly calculated to discourage and retard technological progress," there

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is absolutely no sign that labor plans to throw *sabots* into the servomechanisms or even to emulate the vain and foolhardy war against canned music in the 1930's. What most trade-union leaders want, and feel strong enough to demand, is a planned transition, with shock absorbers to soften the bumps on the way to the New Abundance.

So far, automation has been marked by no mass layoffs, and indeed the temperate attitude of leading users of advanced equipment has given the industrialists at least a debater's advantage. They point out that while fifty thousand telephone operators have been replaced by the dial system, net employment in the industry has steadily gone up; that General Motors has about doubled its employment since 1940 in spite of increasing use of automatic machinery. According to *Business Week,* Pontiac executives, knowing that "the saving of manpower is a ticklish subject with labor," kept its working force intact, using its new equipment to increase production by twenty-five per cent.

THOSE INDUSTRIALISTS who uneasily concede the possibility of "displacements" quickly fall back on other defense positions. Where mechanization created hazardous and spirit-deadening tasks, making man a degraded servant of the machine, they say that automation will eliminate these jobs, put a premium on technical skill, and upgrade the labor force all along the line.

What's more, they argue, automation will be limited to the very big manufacturers, processors, and offices that can afford the expensive equipment. And finally, like all technological change in the past, it will create new industries and make additional jobs. The automobile gradually retired the blacksmith and the stableman, but look how many jobs it opened up to mechanics, garagemen, rubber workers, motelkeepers, and roadbuilders!

Obviously there is much that is solid in these arguments, but there is also much that is dangerously hazy and speculative. These weaknesses, which we will consider next, are not lost on those who want to get industry committed now to sharing the blessings of the new technology.

Hidden Unemployment

A fifty-seven-year-old hide stripper in a packing house has been relieved of his job, one of the most highly skilled in the business, by a machine that neatly peels off an animal's skin once a semi-skilled workman has made a single incision in the carcass. The veteran employee is not fired. He is simply allowed to work out the few remaining years before his retirement at an inferior job, though his pay may remain the same. Yet the old job classification, with its high rate of pay, is gone from the contract at the next bargaining session with the union, never to reappear. In this year's negotiations with a leading packer, more rates were "bargained out" as a result of new machinery than in the last fifteen years put together. In other industries, too, the individual's chances of being imminently downgraded are greater by far than the reverse prospect, and his eye, reasonably enough, is on the year ahead; not, like that of the sociologist, on the far horizon.

A telephone operator is replaced by a new dial system. She does not show up in the company's statistics as dropped, simply because it had the foresight to hire her as a temporary worker. "For about two years in advance of a particular dial conversion," I was told by Joseph A. Beirne, president of the CIO Communications Workers, "the company will hire new operators only on a so-called 'temporary' basis. They are told they have employment only until the dial cutover is completed." If the operator does have permanent status, the company may offer her a job elsewhere, but, Beirne explains, often this is at a location far removed. "Many take their termination pay, or their pension, and drop out of the labor market or get other jobs" rather than be uprooted.

It is this hidden, creeping type of unemployment that is becoming a source of concern. As one executive candidly concedes, "The person most seriously affected at the moment is the 'employee' not hired."

Just how "seriously affected" is already being indicated in Census Bureau figures. Certainly nationwide *employment,* in terms of the number who hold down jobs, is rising, but the productivity of our factories and offices is rising so much faster, thanks to technological advance, that the yearly additions to the labor market are not being absorbed, and so *unemployment* too is on the rise. *Life* is led to reflect: "With a total of 2.7 million *not* working, we have been able to turn out *and consume* virtually as much goods as at the record heights of the boom. What this indicates is that the U.S. may be able to produce and consume at boom-time levels yet still have a 'permanent reserve' of unemployment, which may increase."

WILL THE N.A.M.'s "temporary pools of unemployment" be dried up simply by the increased need for technicians and distributors? Or by newly created industries? Ultimately, no doubt, but the evidence is that without countermeasures they will deepen before they evaporate. For a displaced baker who has no chance of becoming an electronic technician, "ultimately" can be a painfully long time.

There is little reason to believe that electronic equipment will long remain exclusively in the hands of the top corporations. On the contrary, competition is expected to force the smaller outfits to adopt modern methods on pain of either going out of business or merging with the giants. Medium and small computers are already being turned out and sold to moderate-size concerns on the theory that they can take the place of big staffs that such employers never could afford. I.B.M.'s "650" rents for as little as $3,750 a month and does far more than could be done by the equivalent ten clerks whose salaries would come to that amount. When the market for computers is thoroughly exploited and displacements mount in geometric rather than arithmetical proportions, will employers still find spots for supplanted workers, even at reduced pay?

Automated Automators

As for jobs in those new industries, labor has its fingers crossed. Electronics manufacturing itself, the fountainhead of automation, should be a haven right now, but the fact is that as far as jobs go, it is already

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contracting as sharply as the industries it serves, and for the same reason. The Bureau of Labor Statistics testifies that in this field also "employment has not kept pace with production during the past seven years. Electronics output in 1952 was 275 per cent higher than in 1947 but was produced by only 40 per cent more workers." At International Business Machines, which, with Remington Rand is the chief source of computers, output per employee has more than doubled in a decade.

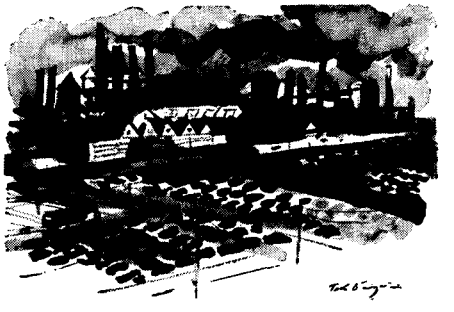
Until automation actually forces a far greater leisure for Americans, thereby fostering new businesses and services to cater to that leisure, it is not likely to inspire any tremendous wave of secondary investment. Professors Walter S. Buckingham and Sherman F. Dallas, in a paper on the subject presented to the Southern Economic Association, flatly predict that by its very nature automation "will not make the far-reaching investment impression that the introduction and later improvements in automobiles, railroads, and canals, for example, created."

Short Hours, Annual Wages

Granted then that there is at least some reason for apprehension, at least in the short run, what can anyone reasonably expect industry to do about a trend as inevitable as taxes? Far from preparing to ram their heads into a stone wall, labor leaders are set to go along with the big shift —but they want a hand in the proceedings. As long ago as 1948, UAW contracts gave the automobile companies a free hand in introducing technological changes. Reuther is, if anything, more lyrical than the NAM itself when he eyes the prospect of "abundance in terms undreamed of before" and of "vast improvements in the living conditions of the American people." And in the AFL George Meany simply renounces the tradition. "The trade union movement does not oppose technological change." What the AFL wants is severance pay for people displaced by machines, the retraining by management of employees so that they can man the new machines, and, sooner or later, a reduction in hours —a thirty-hour week for all by 1980.

The CIO, especially Reuther's Auto Workers, has spelled out the program of demands in more specific detail. Its argument is pitched to the need for keeping purchasing power high enough to buy the ever-increasing volume of goods that the improved technology can provide. This means higher pay for automated jobs, even though the work is less onerous, and it means the guaranteed annual wage.

Actually it did not take automation to give rise to the notion of the guaranteed annual wage, but the demand for it clearly has been stimulated by the new threat to labor's position. It will not only help stabilize purchasing power, the argument runs, but will also "serve as a regulator of the process of technological change, tending to minimize its disruptive consequences. It will affect management's decisions concerning both the timing and the placement of new automation installations."



And, not least, it will tide over the victimized individual, sometimes lost sight of in a mound of statistics, until he either finds a spot at the work he knows or has trained himself for something else.

Not that the unions think this retraining process should be left wholly to the employee. On the contrary, they are in voluble agreement that management has an obligation to retrain its veteran employees wherever possible rather than turn them out in favor of young technicians fresh from school.

Factory and College

Unquestionably this "upgrading" of the labor force will present one of the great headaches of the next decade. Take it straight from the National Manpower Council:

"Many of today's electricians will have to learn electronics if they are to retain their skilled status. Pipefitters may have to learn hydraulics. A skilled worker who formerly measured with calipers and now uses a micrometer will soon have to learn to work with tolerances measured with light waves . . . there may be almost no place left for the unskilled industrial worker."

The semi-skilled are in every bit as bad a way, according to the industrial-relations editor of *Factory Management and Maintenance*. "The jobs that are 'duck soup' for elimination by automatic production," he says, "are mainly the semi-skilled ones, such as machine operating and materials handling. Some observers believe the factory of the future will go so far as to wipe out this great 'middle class' of industry."

Some will be fortunate enough to acquire these higher skills and avoid supplanting by trained technicians. All major industrial plants have training programs now and will almost certainly expand them. "The factory of the future," one executive says, "may not be a college, but it's going to look more like one than you might think." For those who make the grade it should be a safe, quiet, white-collar haven where, one engineer told a recent convention of steelworkers, he "would not think it facetious if the workmen wore tuxedos on the job." With somewhat less abandon, a workman in a new Ford plant recently made the same point to a newspaper interviewer. He used to go home every evening jittery with exhaustion, he said, but now "I run a whole battery of machines by pushing buttons and reading dials and go home feeling like talking to my family and reading."

Reshaping Our Lives

Unfortunately, however, the number who will be needed and trained for button pushing and dial reading will be a small fraction of the total force. The rest will have to pin their hopes on the gradualness of the shift to automation, on preferential hiring at plants slowest to make the change, on pensions or unemployment insurance, and ultimately on drastic reduction of the work week.

In the last analysis it is this steady increase of leisure that will have to be relied on to solve the problem of the technologically displaced. And leisure, of course, means paid leisure

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—something very different from the happy notion of the oil-equipment executive who recently announced that, thanks to automation, "We hope to be able to eliminate the overtime pay we're saddled with." For the six-hour day or the four-day week—ultimately perhaps both—will make a great difference in the way we live and the services we need.

As the number of workers in the productive industries shrinks, the new leisure should require a steady rise in the number engaged in facilitating travel, in offering entertainment, in adult education and cultural activities, in the rebuilding of roads, and in numerous other activities called for by a people who will have twice as much free time on their hands as their grandparents.

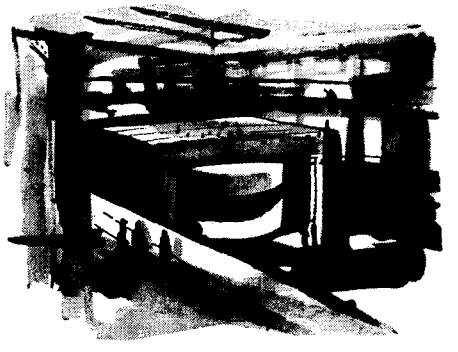
Not all the burden for the readjustment, of course, will fall on industry. A drastic overhauling of our educational institutions will be needed to reduce the unskilled to a minimum, if necessary by new teaching techniques; to provide the technicians for the new day; to train the servants of the new leisure; and, not least, to enhance a nation's capacity for leisure, as distinguished from idleness.

N.A.M. Plugs the Humanities

Even while the N.A.M. calls for readjustments in curricula to "put greater emphasis on the electrical, mathematical and mechanical sciences," it suggests that "practical education" is no longer adequate. It would be a fatal error "if Americans were transformed into highly specialized cavemen, woefully deficient in the arts and letters." The concept appears to be gaining among industrial and business leaders that as our complexities deepen, technology is not enough. Executives must understand human relations, economics, psychology, and therefore, at last, philosophy, with all that it entails. Witness Bell Telephone's experiment of sending a batch of its top young executives to the University of Pennsylvania for ten months' exposure to the humanities —from Bhagavad Gita to Ezra Pound.

Some sociologists feel that the fear of more leisure is acting as a brake on technological change. In a society rooted in Calvinist doctrine many Americans, David Riesman observes, look upon increased leisure as "a threat, a problem, a burden, or hazard." Diebold thinks the gradualness of the change will permit adjustment on this front, as on others, but he concedes that, barring an all-out war, sooner or later we will have to face the question, "Are we capable of developing a culture that does not depend upon work to give meaning to our lives?"

DEPENDING, again, on the speed of change, government will have to bear a degree, probably a high degree, of responsibility for salvaging those unskilled workers who turn out to be a drug in the labor market. As anti-boondoggle an organ as *Life,* foreseeing trouble, proposes that government "draw a line—perhaps the present line of 2.7 million



—above which unemployment will not be allowed to go" before public works now in blueprint are put into concrete. "Fortunately," the magazine points out, "nearly all such measures can be made in capital improvements—new highways, schools, better housing, etc.—which will eventually pay for themselves by what they add to the income and brainpower of the economy."

To this catalogue might be added airports sorely in need of expansion, city redevelopment, and parks, not to mention the need of government aid to prevent the creation of ghost towns by shifting industries.

Who Wants to Stop It?

How fast is automation moving? Some observers think it is moving at a slower rate of speed than the limitations of either technology or economics dictate. But it is coming swiftly enough for all that. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which is far from trying to arouse public concern in the matter, solemnly cites predictions of a three-day weekend within the next decade, as against Meany's ultracautious target of 1980.

According to the Stanford Research Institute, factory sales of data-processing equipment, a good index of the advance of automation, rose from zero in 1940 to $25 million in 1953 and are expected to reach $500 million by 1960. Similarly, instruments for industrial control leaped from $3 million in sales in 1940 to $65 million in 1953 and are expected to hit $150 million in five years.

Want ads plead constantly for engineers and technicians, and investment houses publicly exhort customers to put their money in the booming stocks of automation-equipment makers. Where Ford stamped out four of its car parts automatically in 1947, it now does thirty parts almost without manpower. But perhaps the most striking evidence of the advance comes from the Federal Reserve Board. Its index figure for the manufacturing and mining industries in November, 1953, was 129. In November, 1954, with almost a million fewer people in those industries, the figure was still 129.

NO ONE can say how far the expected "dislocation" may go, how many humans may lose their jobs to Univac, Eniac, and Multra; to Armatrol, Serva, and O-Man; or how many jobs these genies may in turn provide for those they have displaced. Certainly no one with the least sense of history would either want or expect to arrest a trend that will increase the world's wealth and reduce human drudgery. Where the first Industrial Revolution degraded men to the level of a machine part, the second should liberate him from the machine completely.

But if it frees some only to leave as many others stranded, dazed, and for years without the wherewithal to buy what the machines produce, it will hardly have paid its way—at least for a generation that already has all it can stand in the way of large-scale hazards. A measure of coherent planning, a sustained sense of responsibility in industry, labor, government, and education—these are the least we will need to ease us into the second machine age more smoothly than our luckless forebears went into the first.

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The Military Background Of the Yalta Agreements

LOUIS MORTON

Franklin D. Roosevelt

AMONG the most important and controversial questions revived by the recent release of the Yalta documents are those dealing with Russia's entry into the war against Japan. Was the price paid for Soviet aid too high? Was it necessary to pay Stalin to enter a war he could not afford to stay out of? Did we need Russian aid to defeat Japan? Were the military estimates upon which Roosevelt acted incorrect? Were not the atom bomb and the evident desire of the Japanese to end the war considered in the decisions made at Yalta?

There are no final answers to these questions as yet, either in the Yalta documents or elsewhere. But viewed from the perspective of our wartime strategy and the urgency early in 1945 to bring the war against Japan to an end, the decision to "bribe" Russia into a declaration of war against Japan assumes a meaning too often overlooked in the current debates.

From the start, American policy with regard to the role of Russia in the Far East was clear and consistent. Never, except perhaps at the very end of the war, did our political and military leaders deviate from the position that Russian participation in the Pacific war after the defeat of Germany would greatly simplify the task of beating Japan. What seem to be shifts in this policy are merely reflections of the progress of the war in Europe or in the Pacific, the changing strategic concepts behind the plans evolved for the war in the East, the growing disillusionment with China, and the difficulty of getting the Russians to give us the information we needed to make firm plans for the day they would join us in the Far East.

It was these that changed, not our desire to bring Russia into the war at an early date when its contribution would be of material assistance in the defeat of Japan. That Russia would enter the war ultimately and in time to profit from victory there was little doubt.

American strategy in the Pacific and Far East must be viewed against the background of the war in Europe. The first and most important objective of the western Allies—the United States, and Great Britain—was to defeat Germany. That called for the major effort in Europe. All other aims were subordinated to this one overriding consideration. On this basis, Russia's role in the global war was clear: It was to destroy the German military machine on the Eastern Front. Aid to Russia thus became a major war aim and support of the Red Army the most effective contribution the Allies could make to the defeat of Germany until they themselves landed in France.

From this point of view, it was against both British and American interests to have Russia involved in a two-front war. Soviet entry into the Far Eastern war before victory in Europe was in sight was therefore not seriously urged by any responsible American official after the first shock of Pearl Harbor had worn off. Had it been proposed, it would surely have met opposition from the military planners on the grounds that it would have weakened the main efforts in Europe and would have required American operations in the north Pacific, thus weakening our efforts in the central and southwest Pacific.

"The most valuable assistance which can be rendered to Russia [in the Far East]," declared our Army planners in March, 1942, "is to contain Japanese forces, mainly her air force in the South Pacific."

BUT THOUGH Soviet participation was a matter for the future, American planners wished to prepare for that day and also for the possibility that the Japanese would attack Russia and thus bring the latter into the war at an earlier date and under disadvantageous circumstances. In that event, it was agreed, the United States would come to Russia's aid. The question was: What form would this aid take? Without information about Soviet strength and military installations in the Far East, it was impossible to make any plans for such a contingency, which until early in 1943 seemed a very real danger. It was to solve this problem that we sent military missions to Russia and sought to make arrangements for bomber bases and planes in the Soviet Maritime Territory. These and similar projects do not argue a desire to draw Russia into the war at any early date but rather indicate that we wished to be ready to assist Russia in case of a Japanese attack and to prepare for Russia's eventual participation after the defeat of Germany.

In considering this problem, it is well to draw a distinction between *necessity* and *desirability*. Russian

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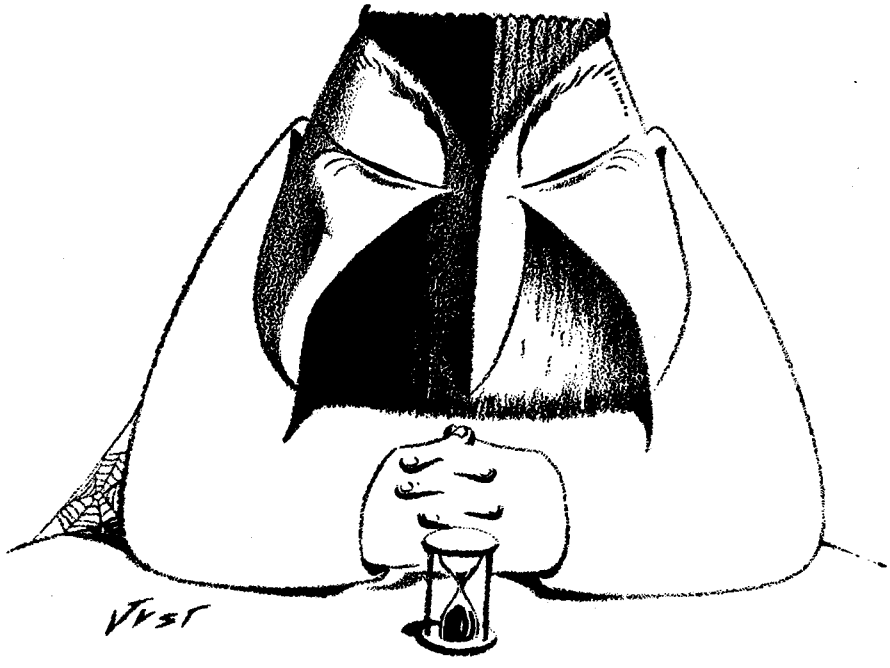
aid was never regarded as a necessary condition for the defeat of Japan, but few could deny that it would certainly make the job less costly and time-consuming. The degree of desirability varied as American plans matured and American forces achieved success after success in the Pacific. But it should be noted that the Pacific war did not necessarily include the war in Asia. If the Americans could advance across the Pacific without Russian help, as Admiral Ernest King, Chief of Naval Operations, maintained they could, it did not follow that the United States intended to land large bodies of troops in Asia to take on the supposedly powerul Japanese Kwantung Army in Manchuria.



Pinning the Kwantung Army

There was no point in making plans covering Soviet operations in the Far East until the conditions governing Russia's entry into the war had been established. By September, 1944, these conditions were well enough understood to permit agreement upon a plan for the defeat of Japan. In this plan, Russia's future role in the war in Asia was defined for the first time. The Red Army, the Allied planners agreed, could contribute most to the defeat of Japan by containing and defeating the Kwantung Army and Japanese forces in north China. The Americans themselves would take on the task of invading the Japanese home islands—first the southernmost, Kyushu, and then Honshu, the main island.

The problem now was to secure Stalin's consent to this plan and to persuade the Russians to co-ordinate their military operations in Asia with the landings on Kyushu. Soviet forces, it was estimated, would have to go into action against the Kwantung Army three months before the American landings in Japan in order to achieve the maximum effect.

Events now moved swiftly. In October, 1944, Stalin told Prime Minister Churchill and Ambassador Harriman in Moscow that he intended to attack Japan three months after the defeat of Germany. He was willing to grant the Americans air bases in Siberia and to open the port of Petropavlovsk to American vessels. In return he would need supplies to fight Japan, and he had ready a list seven pages long.

THE ALLIES were not blind to Russian interests in the Far East and Stalin had made no secret of his desires. At Teheran in December, 1943, he had asked what Russia would get if he attacked Japan and had mentioned ice-free ports in north China as a specific example of what he had in mind. A year later, in conversation with Harriman, he gave as his price for a declaration of war on Japan the cession of Dairen and Port Arthur, the southern half of Sakhalin, the Kuriles, leases on the South Manchurian and Chinese Eastern Railways, and the "independence" of Outer Mongolia. In return he would not only attack Japan but would conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Nationalist government of China and assist Chiang Kai-shek against the Japanese. These were virtually the terms agreed to at Yalta, subject, in certain respects, to the concurrence of Chiang Kai-shek.

MacArthur's Estimate

When Roosevelt went to Yalta he could not have had any doubts about Stalin's aims. But he had also the assurances of his military advisers that Russian aid was an essential element in the approved war plan for the defeat of Japan. So long as this plan called for landings on Kyushu and Honshu, the Joint Chiefs of Staff as a group held firmly to the need for Russian operations to pin down the Kwantung Army. Neither the prospect of the early completion of the atom bomb nor the Japanese efforts to get the Russians to mediate for them—and we had full information on these overtures—altered the basic conditions that made Russia's entry into the war an integral part of our plans. As the Joint Chiefs of Staff remarked shortly before the Yalta meeting, "We desire Russian entry at the earliest possible date consistent with her ability to engage in offensive operations . . ."

This estimate in Washington was supported by the theater commanders. General MacArthur was thoroughly in favor of the plan and stated emphatically at the time of Yalta to more than one visitor that American forces should not invade Japan until three months after the Red Army had attacked in Manchuria. He understood too that Stalin would ask for concessions but was perfectly willing to make such concessions. If we did not, he said, the Japanese would move their forces from Manchuria to the Japanese home islands and exact a terrible price in American casualties on the landings. It is not surprising, therefore, that Roosevelt believed that a commitment from Stalin on Soviet entry into the war was of supreme importance.

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W. Averell Harriman

China's place in American strategy for the Far East had an important bearing on Russia's role. This factor has been largely ignored, but it must be remembered that until mid-1944 the Americans hoped not only to establish a beachhead on the China coast but also to train and equip a Chinese Army that could dispose of the Japanese troops on the mainland. "In the European Theater," Admiral King remarked at Casablanca, "Russia was most advantageously placed for dealing with Germany in view of her geographical position and manpower; in the Pacific, China bore a similar relation to the Japanese. It should be our basic policy to provide the manpower resources of Russia and China with the necessary equipment to enable them to fight." Nor should one forget that until the Marianas were captured in mid-1944, and B-29 airfields were built there, the only bases the Air Force could use for these long-range bombers were in China.

But as the hope for effective Chinese operations declined, the necessity for Russian participation grew in importance in American eyes. If Chinese forces could not tie down the Japanese in Asia, then Russian forces must do the job. Russia's role, therefore, must be measured in terms of China's contribution—or lack of it—to the war effort as well as the progress of the war in Europe and the Pacific, and the formulation of a specific plan for the defeat of Japan.

To these must be added President Roosevelt's predilection for personal diplomacy and his conviction that hopes for the postwar world depended upon an effective international organization with Russia as a willing and co-operative member. Recognizing the suspicion and distrust that marked the approach of the Russians to the West, he sought to disarm Stalin and win his confidence, to show him how high-minded and openhanded the Americans were.

But the one thing Stalin wanted—the major second front in Europe—Roosevelt was unable to deliver either in 1942 or 1943, and it was probably this failure as well as the fear the Russians would misinterpret it and make peace with the Germans that led to the enunciation of the unconditional-surrender formula. Stalin met each new proposal with suspicion, examined it carefully, and accepted it only on terms advantageous to himself.

Growing Disillusionment

It may well be that Roosevelt, realist that he was and intent on securing Russian co-operation, would have paid the price for Russian entry into the war against Japan even without the assurances of his military advisers that such intervention was desirable or necessary. After all, it was to Russia's interest to buy a place at the peace table. Short of war, there was little or nothing we could do to stop Russia or prevent the Soviets from taking what they wanted in Asia when they were ready. By the agreement at Yalta, we were able to stipulate limits to Russian expansion and to gain the Russian rulers' promise to enter the war at a date that fitted our plans—three months after the defeat of Germany and before the scheduled landings on Kyushu. That this date was acceptable to Stalin may indicate only that American and Russian interests coincided at this point, but it may also be taken as evidence that Stalin had read aright the signs of America's disillusionment with its Russian partner.

For there were signs in the last months of the war that the American attitude toward its difficult ally was changing. From Major General John Russell Deane in Moscow were coming recommendations for a reversal of policy on Lend-Lease, and from Harriman expressions of doubt about the value of a Pacific alliance. The Air Force, which had tried so hard to get Siberian bases, now found it no longer had need of them, and the Navy expressed the same views about Soviet ports. And Roosevelt, in his last messages to Churchill, expressed a disillusionment with the Russians that bespoke for the future a firmer attitude toward the Soviet Union.

There is no doubt that Japan was defeated in the military sense before the atom bomb was dropped or Russia entered the war. But which of these events forced the Japanese to surrender? Japanese records will not support the conclusion that the atom bomb alone accomplished that result; Russia's declaration of war had at least as great an effect as Hiroshima. In that sense, perhaps, American policy toward Russia was justified ultimately on August 10, when Emperor Hirohito made the fateful decision that brought the Second World War to an end.

General Douglas MacArthur

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Franco and His Friends

The Moors

ROM LANDAU

ONE MORNING last December I crossed the frontier from the International Zone of Tangier into Spanish Morocco for my first visit in four years. After a few hours' drive through somber mountain country I reached Tetuán, the capital, and saw its ancient walls and white houses, its banks of flowers basking in the sunshine.

In the open-air cafés of the main square facing the High Commissioner's palace, Moors and Spaniards were sitting amicably together sipping coffee or mint tea. Four years earlier such fraternization would have been inconceivable. Moors and Spaniards were then leading their separate lives, viewing one another with mistrust. Only after nightfall, and in cloak-and-dagger style, had I dared meet the few of my nationalist friends who could be found in Tetuán. Those who were not in prison lived in exile, chiefly in Tangier. Among the exiles had been Abdelhalek Torres, the energetic and popular leader of the nationalist movement in Spanish Morocco.

Now without any subterfuge and in bright daylight, I called on Torres as soon as I arrived. I found him back in the house that had been the home of many generations of his family, one of Tetuán's most distinguished. Most of the leading nationalists were with him, having returned from French Morocco, Tangier, and even New York.

The general air of calm I found was the more startling in view of the tense situation in nearby French Morocco, where bombings, political murder, and derailed trains had become common. Four years earlier my Moorish friends had complained bitterly about the number of political prisoners. Now they spoke thankfully of the release of all such prisoners and of the general political freedom enjoyed by the natives. They praised General Valiño, the High Commissioner, and the probity and good will that he had shown so far in his dealings with them.

The Two Protectorates

In French Morocco the natives are not permitted to publish a single paper of their own. In the Spanish Zone, Torres now publishes an Arabic daily of outspokenly nationalist views, though, to be sure, he is careful not to criticize Spanish policies as such. In French Morocco there is

no Arab-language radio station that transmits factual information on Moroccan events, but under Valiño's régime Radio Tetuán has become the chief source of such information for the whole area.

In the past, political "criminals" escaping from French Morocco into Spanish Morocco would invariably be handed over to the French authorities. Now such refugees find asylum in Tetuán. They are given labor permits, jobs are found for them, special buildings have been set aside to house them, and newly created organizations look after their welfare.

At first it was hard to believe that the identical Moroccan problem could be viewed so differently in the two adjoining protectorates. The economic situation in Spanish Morocco struck me as having improved considerably, while that in French Morocco was deteriorating daily as a result of sabotage, boycott, and native resistance. Spanish Morocco has always been poor and unable to support itself without outside aid. Unlike the eight-times-larger zone under French administration, it has no deposits of phosphate and manganese, and no wide expanses of fertile land and pasturage. The general standard of living has always been somewhat lower than that prevailing under the French. Probably as a result of recent ameliorations in Spanish rule, the Moors in Tetuán were looking distinctly better fed than they had four years earlier.

TORRES told me that the Spanish authorities had promised him to reform the local government and to admit to it some nationalist representatives. Throughout Morocco this step was regarded as of revolutionary significance. In the forty-three years of the French and Spanish protectorates, no uncompromising nationalist has participated in the conduct of native affairs. A few days after my visit, the Spanish authorities invited three nationalist leaders to join the government. The departments offered them were those of justice and education and an entirely new department of social affairs, created for Torres himself. According to rumor, General Valiño also promised the nationalists other government posts as soon as they could put up qualified candidates for them. Even if the rumor is true, it remains to see whether the promise will be kept.

Sultan in Exile

The new trend in Spain's Moroccan policy is less surprising than might appear. For one thing, Spain never recognized the French coup of August, 1953, by which the legitimate sultan, Mohammed V (or Sidi Ben Youssef), was sent into exile, first to Corsica and then to Madagascar. Spain not only refused to condone

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the French move but has persistently tried to contravene it. The only monarch recognized in Spanish Morocco is the exiled sultan. His representative, or Khalifa, at Tetuán still speaks and acts in his name, and Ben Arafa, who was placed on the throne by the French, is completely ignored throughout the Spanish protectorate. On Fridays, prayers in the mosques are intoned in the name of Mohammed V, and the mosques are packed to overflowing. Both General Valiño and Generalissimo Franco have seen fit to express their strong disapproval of recent French policies, and to stress their "sympathy" with the Moroccan people and their exiled monarch.

For many years now the central national event in Morocco has been the Day of the Throne on November 18, when the entire nation celebrated the anniversary of Mohammed V's accession to the throne in 1927. After deposing the sultan, the French abolished that holiday, and for the last two years it has not been observed in the French protectorate except in secret. In Tetuán, November 18, 1954, was celebrated lavishly. For the first time the local Spanish population participated. Today there is practically no shop, café, or private home throughout Spanish Morocco in which the portrait of the exiled sovereign is not prominently displayed.

SPAIN'S present anti-French policy in Morocco is new only in so far as its outspoken character is concerned. The traditional declarations of identity of interests in Morocco that used to characterize French-Spanish conferences may have been accepted at their face value by outsiders, but they never deceived either of the two participants themselves. From 1912 on, when Spain, following in the footsteps of France, proclaimed its protectorate over the northern part of Morocco, relations between the two administrations have been less than cordial. The French have seldom troubled to disguise their contempt for Spain's Moroccan régime, pointing to the greatly superior conditions in their own protectorate. The Spaniards, on their part, viewed their Gallic fellow protectors with envy. It needed

(Continued on page 26)

ARE ATOMIC TESTS DANGEROUS?

ERIC SEVAREID

JUST BEFORE DAWN the other day, United States authorities blew off another atomic device on the Nevada proving grounds. The flash was seen from Canada to Mexico; it was the biggest atomic explosion of this year's series, the thirty-sixth to be detonated within our own boundaries in the last ten years; and this was the first time soldiers and observers had to evacuate the area because of the danger of radioactive dust fallout.

It is common knowledge that radioactivity affects the human body. It can disturb the genes, with a definite but difficult-to-predict effect on future generations; severity of effect depends upon the quantity absorbed. This question is under constant close study by those competent to deal with it. So far, there appears not the slightest cause for worry that the people's health may have been injured. Authorities tell us that the amount of radioactivity released so far by these bomb tests would affect the human body no more than one chest X-ray.

SO FAR. But we are not the only people in the world testing nuclear weapons. The British and the Russians are doing it, and will be doing more, as will we. So the Federation of American Scientists has proposed that some international body be agreed upon and empowered to take custody of this question, to make continuing studies of the world's atmosphere, and if necessary and possible, set limits to the number and nature of bomb tests on a world basis.

Before the ultra-nationalists protest that this is an impractical egghead notion that would infringe our sovereignty, they should think very hard about this. To begin with, the collected scientists cannot be accused here of interfering in a matter outside their competence. It was not for them to decide whether the A- and H-bombs should be *made*, though some wished to decide, and it was not for them to decide whether such bombs should be used, though some wished to. Those were issues in the proper custody of the national political leadership.

BUT THIS present matter *would* seem to be within their scientific province for discussion, and they must, surely, be listened to. Security considerations probably enter into this question very little, if at all. It is clear too that this question of radioactivity does not involve only our own country, but all other countries and peoples. The weather knows no national boundaries or curtains—Iron or otherwise. It has to be assumed that these tests will go on around the world. It has to be assumed that they may reach a point dangerous to world health. It has to be assumed that the tests are not going to be limited or controlled unless there is agreement upon some international authority to do it.

In the fruitless efforts at atomic *disarmament*, we could not take the Russians at their word that they would make no more bombs; nor would they take us at our word. How can it be any different on limiting the tests? Suppose the saturation of the atmosphere does approach a danger point. Could we say to the Russians, or they to us, "Please don't explode another this year because we've got another we simply must test, and more than that will put the world past the safety limit"?

IT SEEMS clear enough that some form of universal test control must be striven for—now—lest the world discover one day, as it discovered on atomic *disarmament*, that it has passed the point of no return.

(From a broadcast over CBS radio)

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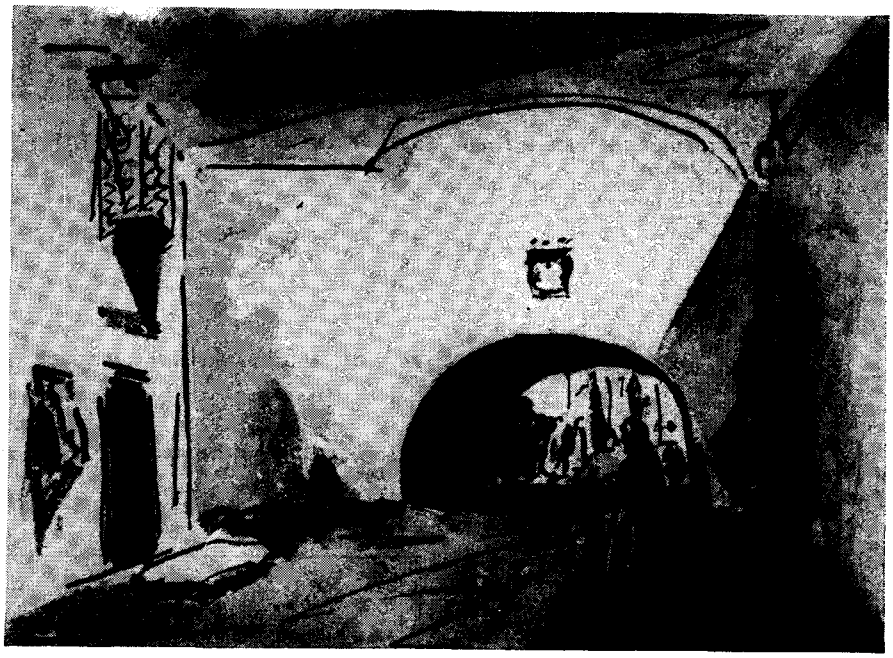

only France's infringement of the 1912 agreements with both Morocco and Spain in the coup of 1953 to open the door to Spain's present pro-Moorish, anti-French policies.

Franco Woos the Arabs

Spain's present policy in Morocco can be understood only within the wider framework of Franco's foreign policy in general and his Arab policy in particular. As early as 1939, to show his appreciation for the enforced support of Moorish troops in his fight against the Spanish Republicans, Franco instituted in Tetuán a native Ministry of the Habous (charitable foundations). A little later he founded in Cairo the Beit el Maghreb, the Moroccan House for Moorish students studying in Egypt. In December, 1946, his government approached the Arab League to propose a cultural agreement in the name of Spanish Morocco. The League, however, considered that cultural relations were not enough, and that the Spanish protectorate should first be given independence.

The outstanding manifestation of Franco's Arab policy was the mission of his Foreign Minister, Alberto Martín Artajo, to the Middle East in April, 1952. The Spanish press advertised it as "a historic event." To demonstrate his good will toward the Arab countries, Franco sent along his own daughter, the Marquesa Villaverde, and General Ben Mizzian, the only Moorish general in the Spanish Army. The reasons for Franco's ardor were fairly plain. Since 1945 Spain had been living in almost complete diplomatic isolation. Its record during the war had not made it popular with the Allied powers. The Arab States were Spain's only potential allies, and an agreement with them would clearly strengthen Spain's position in international affairs. The very timing of the Martín mission was carefully calculated. Negotiations with the United States for American use of Spanish ports and bases were to begin in the spring of 1952. It was precisely at that moment that Franco decided to send his Foreign Minister away from Madrid—a gesture designed to show that he did not share American eagerness for negotiations.

If Franco needed the Arab States, they in turn needed Franco. Spain still enjoyed great prestige in Latin-American countries, and their support in the United Nations was of great importance to the Arabs. It was hardly surprising that at the ceremonial dinners arranged in honor of the Martín mission in various Arab capitals, diplomats of the Latin-American republics were conspicuously in evidence. The mission was received everywhere with royal honors, and there were exchanges of presents and decorations. In Amman, the capital of Jordan, Martín inaugurated a Spanish Institute. In Damascus he signed a pact of Hispano-Syrian friendship. In Cairo he concluded both cultural and economic agreements which, if they did not bear much fruit, at least brought prestige to the mission.

Though he did not succeed in bringing about the Hispano-Arab pact that had been one of Franco's ambitions, he had laid the foundations for a successful policy. Abdel Rahman Azzam, then secretary of the Arab League, could state that "the Spaniards and the Arabs are like brothers." Even the strongly anti-Franco left-wing *Tribune* in London recorded that the Martín mission had enabled Spain to "develop a common strategy in international affairs." The leading Egyptian paper *Al Ahram* defined Franco's success in more concrete terms. "Without doubt," it wrote, "once Spain is admitted into the United Nations, it will be able to depend upon the six Arab votes and upon the influence of the Arab League on the entire Moslem bloc in Asia. It will thus be assured of a strong international position."

In their negotiations with Señor Martín, the Arab leaders kept the problem of Spanish Morocco well in the foreground. Azzam, though a strong supporter of the new Hispano-Arab alliance, refused Franco's invitation to be his guest in Madrid so long as the status of Spanish Morocco was in doubt. (Significantly, Azzam's successor as secretary-general of the Arab League, Mohammed Abdel Khalek Hassouna, did pay an official and friendly visit to Madrid in May, 1953.) Only Franco's unwillingness to make clear commitments on the subject of Moroccan autonomy prevented Martín from concluding a pact with the Arab States.

It may seem surprising that Franco was not prepared to write off Spanish Morocco altogether for the sake of even stronger ties with the Arab countries. But it must be remembered that questions of prestige count for much in Spanish considerations. So long as France remained in Morocco, it was a matter of pride to Spain to retain a foothold there too. Moreover, Spanish Morocco provided a bargaining weapon in Franco's dealings with both Arab and non-Arab governments. This circumstance alone explains Franco's failure to speed up

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promised reforms in Morocco and his apparent vacillations, which were in fact the outcome of a clearly conceived and, let it be admitted, cleverly executed policy.

SPAIN'S present policy in Morocco represents but a further step forward in Franco's Arab strategy. His refusal to recognize the puppet sultan the French have set up and his support of Moorish nationalists are being hailed throughout the world of Islam as the only recent pro-Islamic act on the part of a western power—even though few Arabs would ascribe any altruistic motives to the Caudillo's present policy. In Morocco itself the repercussions of this policy are even more important. After the deposition of Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, many of the younger and more impatient nationalists insisted that the French coup could not have taken place without the tacit approval of the United States and Britain. They claimed to find justification for their views in the western powers' support of the French thesis on Morocco in the United Nations and their vote against the Arab-Asian resolution. "Since the West has let us down," their argument ran, "we are forced to seek support elsewhere." Though by religion and convictions strongly anti-Communist, the more impulsive nationalists were ready to accept Soviet help, should such help, in whatever form, be offered. There can be no doubt that Franco's policy has weaned these hotheads away from their potential Communist ally. I have had conversations with some of them in Tangier at the end of 1953 and again a year later. Their attitudes are completely changed: Today they no longer speak of Moscow, their hopes, at least for short-term policies, being focused on Spain. "What a situation for the Moroccans, to have to choose between the Communists and the Falangists!" an American friend of mine in Tangier commented somewhat unkindly.

'A Real Gentleman'

In view of the mercurial character of Spanish policies, not all nationalists are convinced of Franco's good intentions. But a drowning man will cling to a straw.

In their present predicament, even those Moroccans who have been traditionally opposed to Franco and Spain itself put their trust in the Caudillo and his promises. But their new attitude has been determined not so much by Franco himself as by his High Commissioner, General Valiño. The Moors are fully aware of the fact that Valiño personally bears the main responsibility for what has been happening in Spanish Morocco since August, 1953. Foreign Minister Martín and most of the Spanish diplomats are said to be opposed to a policy that has driven so deep a wedge between Spain and France. General Valiño, however, is apparently convinced that the only way Spain can maintain its position in Morocco and tighten its bonds with the Arab world is to meet legitimate Moorish demands and support the Moroccans in their unanimous clamor for a return of Mohammed V. So far, his policy has proved right, and the Spanish Zone has for the time being become the sole island of relative peace and contentment in the turbulent sea of Moroccan affairs. However dubious many Moroccans may be of Franco's ultimate aims, they speak with respect and even admiration of General Valiño. Again and again Moors referred to him in my presence as "a real gentleman whose word we can trust."

General Valiño could, naturally, not pursue his present policy without the support of Franco. A week or so before my visit to Tetuán, the High Commissioner returned from Madrid, where he was said to have submitted to Franco his proposals for inviting the nationalists to join the government. The fact that that invitation was straightway extended and accepted is itself a proof of the success of his mission. Indeed, local gossip had it that Franco, who is bound to Valiño by ties of a strong personal friendship, had lent the latter his full support.

PERHAPS nothing illustrates more strikingly the complexity and the paradox of the Moroccan dilemma than the fact that the Moors who live under the régime of the nation that gave the world the motto *"liberté, égalité, fraternité"* consider themselves oppressed and deprived of their liberties, while their brothers in Spanish Morocco are coming more and more to believe that a dictator may yet prove to be the harbinger of freedom and democratic liberties.

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Anna Louise Goes Home Again

PAUL WILLEN

On February 14, 1949, the Soviet government announced the arrest and deportation of a well-known fellow-traveling American journalist, Anna Louise Strong, on charges that she was engaged in "espionage and subversive activity against the Soviet Union."

On March 4, 1955, the Soviet Procurator General announced that further investigation had shown these charges to be "without any grounds," thus bringing to a close a strange episode in the history of the Kremlin purge system. Nothing had more aptly symbolized the extreme xenophobia of postwar Soviet policies than the expulsion for "subversion" of one of the most vigorous and effective publicists of Soviet Communism.

In his straight-faced announcement, the Procurator General made no effort to explain how Lavrenti Beria, who was posthumously charged with fabricating the accusations against Miss Strong, had been able to hoodwink his virtuous colleagues into accepting the indictment, or why eighteen months went by after the "exposure" of the "anti-State conspirator" allegedly responsible for this judicial miscarriage, before Miss Strong was vindicated.

These questions may never receive adequate replies. Indeed, the world may never fully understand the forces and personalities involved in the violent drive against "cosmopolitanism" in which Miss Strong's expulsion was an incident.

But with the recent news, there is one person to whom these questions are now only of passing interest: the sixty-nine-year-old writer herself. Unlike many adherents of Communism who have repudiated the decades they have spent in the Communist movement, Anna Louise Strong was in the odd position of having these decades repudiate her. Like the Biblical Job, Miss Strong had to face the fact that *her* god was not, at least on the surface, an altogether just god, and less devout creatures than Miss Strong would have buckled under this severe test of faith. But like Job, she maintained faith, repeating (as it were) Job's famous incantation: "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Praised be the Lord."

The Sixty-four-Ruble Question

My own personal interest in Anna Louise Strong dates from the spring of 1950, a year after her expulsion from the Soviet Union, when I was still a student at Oberlin College in Ohio. The college forum board had invited her to speak before the student body, and as chairman of this group I was her host. During her three-day stay I spent a great deal of time in her company, escorting her to the various places where she lectured, discussing the program of her activities, and taking frequent meals with her.

Like everyone else, I was astonished at the extraordinary spectacle of her voluntary decision to stand by a régime that had treated her with such ingratitude, and was curious about the apparent calm with which she accepted the role of outcast from the world in which she had once made her home. I was also curious to discover how this woman reconciled her own destiny with her lifetime professions, and what was the impact of the self-inflicted ordeal she was going through.

However, establishing the type of personal contact with Miss Strong that would lead to the answers I sought was difficult. The first day she did most of the talking, displaying little interest in anything I—or anyone else—said. Like most competent lecturers, she had developed a pattern of set responses to given situations and did not depart from it. When the students asked—as they invariably did—how she could explain her expulsion from the U.S.S.R., she replied without hesitation that she was quite sure that it was simply the result of a "bonehead blunder of the Russian secret police." That was all.

On the second day an incident occurred that broke the pattern of routine and evasive replies. As was customary with local celebrities (Miss Strong was, among other things, an Oberlin graduate), the local radio station planned an interview to be conducted by myself and John Barnett, editor of the college newspaper. The three of us prepared questions in advance, and the plan was to stick fairly closely to them. In mid-broadcast, however, I interjected a question for which there had been no rehearsal:

"Miss Strong," I said, "you have told us that your expulsion from the U.S.S.R. was due to a 'bonehead blunder of the Russian secret police,' and you have also told us that as a result of your expulsion the Communist Parties all over the world have broken off relations with you, ceased to publish your books, denied you entrance to their halls, and so forth. Do you mean to suggest by this that a 'bonehead blunder of the Russian secret police' determines world Communist policy?"

"You see, Mr. Willen . . ." she started to say. Then she paused. "I didn't mean exactly . . ." Again she broke off, unable to find the words she wanted. Mr. Barnett broke the embarrassing silence by asking one of the questions in the prepared text. Miss Strong recovered her accustomed vigor and confidence and the program finished smoothly.

The interview had not been a "live" one but was being taped for later broadcast. Miss Strong requested that my "loaded" question be erased from the tape.

The Bitter Answers

I felt that any possibility of establishing communication between Miss Strong and myself had been destroyed. For the rest of the afternoon Miss Strong maintained the most rigid reserve. However, as not infrequently happens, my direct question, far from permanently antagonizing her, eventually became a bridge to friendship.

At dinner that evening conversation was desultory; Miss Strong con-

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tinued to regard me, I felt, with suspicion. Suddenly, however, she looked me in the face and said, "Mr. Willen, that was an interesting question you asked this afternoon." She spoke earnestly. "Do you know why I didn't reply to it?"

"No. Why?" I said.

"Because . . . I couldn't."

"I had a feeling it might be difficult for you," I said. Miss Strong frowned.

"It wasn't really fair of you to leave the prepared text," she said, "but I admit it was a good question."

IT WAS, indeed. Throughout her long career Miss Strong had either denied, or justified in terms of the higher rationale of the "people's state," the brutality and injustice of the Soviet system. Now this same systematized injustice had reached out to the one person about whose loyalty to the Kremlin Miss Strong could not have the slightest doubt. The more conscious she became of the isolation this act had imposed upon her the more inevitably did she have to face the idea that "blunders" of the Kremlin's police had become almost indistinguishable from the policies of world Communism.

"The only time I see a Communist now," she admitted, "is a clandestine meeting with an old friend. And even that is dangerous for them, very dangerous."

Dinner was over, but she had become so absorbed in the conversation that we continued to talk even after the restaurant had emptied. She complained bitterly that she could not get back her personal files which she had left in the New York office of a front organization before her last trip. She spoke at length of the faithlessness of many whom she had once considered her closest friends.

"What the Congressional committees say about these organizations is absolutely true," she said. "They are nothing but fronts. I know. I know these things far better than they will ever know. . . ." Then her mood shifted from anger to sadness. She recalled those few Communist friends who had tried to convey to her (indirectly, of course) the fact that their curt refusal to see her did not signify their own acceptance of the Kremlin indictment. But these gestures of confidence were small consolation.

The Kremlin expulsion also meant that she was cut off from every customary source of income. She related

how publishing houses in Warsaw, Budapest, Peking, and other Communist capitals that had printed her books in tens of thousands of copies had suddenly dropped her titles from their catalogues, ceased answering her letters, and even refused to pay her back royalties on books already sold. In Communist bookshops all over the world her works were off the shelves. She was lecturing now to sell her recent book *The Chinese Conquer China* in order to make up for this lost income.

Unable to travel behind the Iron Curtain, she had lost access to the raw material with which she might write a new book. She showed me a cable she was preparing to send Mao. I expressed surprise that she actually expected him to contradict Kremlin policy simply to honor an old friendship. I suspected that this cable was a desperate measure to prove to herself that what had happened was not a nightmare. When I told her that I would be surprised if she received even a perfunctory reply, she agreed resignedly.

"Miss Strong," I said, "you sound very bitter. Frankly, I'm puzzled. If you can't accept your own personal betrayal by the Kremlin and by your friends, how can you continue to accept the betrayal of thousands of others like you?"

She didn't reply immediately. I was glad, because I thought that she was giving the matter serious thought. I hoped that she would not fall back on the routine optimism which she had employed during the day at the formal discussions.

"You know, Mr. Willen," she said, "I am no longer young. At my age it is not easy to give up something to which one has devoted an entire lifetime."

"Do you feel so old?" I asked.

"It's not a matter of age," she said. "It's a matter of dedication."

"What do you mean?"

"I have had doubts; of course I have had doubts. But when one believes deeply in something, one must accept certain doubts."

"What kind of doubts?" I asked. "You have given no hint of them."

"I don't know," she said, becoming evasive. She arranged her napkin on the table and said again, "I don't know." She stood up. "Perhaps we can continue this tomorrow at breakfast." Then she turned and walked to the door.

Facts Are Hard to Face

The pensive mood in which she had left me may have remained with her through the night, for at breakfast her reticence had disappeared. "The experience of the last year has forced me to remember many things which I had once been able to forget," she said soon after we had sat down. She talked of her first recollections of the Soviet Union, her earliest hopes and frustrations. She recounted a long and discouraging conversation with Mikhail Borodin, the American-born Soviet agent who had served as Comintern liaison with the Kuomintang (and Chiang Kai-shek) in the 1920's. After the crushing defeat of the Chinese Communist Party in 1927, Borodin had been recalled to Moscow and put out to pasture in a party agency concerned with routine matters. She recalled the bitterness he had displayed about his treatment, and in particular his contemptuous reference to the interference of the "Pope."

"You mean the 'Pope' in the Kremlin?" Miss Strong had asked him.

"You know very well whom I mean," Borodin had brusquely replied, unwilling to pursue the subject any further.

Miss Strong seemed to attach great importance to this incident, although her subsequent record indicates that it did not seriously shake

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her confidence in the "Pope" or in his Chinese "parish." Yet in tracing the pattern of her own moments of disaffection, this distant reference stood out, as if it marked the genesis of the disturbing thoughts that now plagued her so.

As one might expect, her bitterest memories were of the Soviet Union, not China. "When I was in Russia during the war," she went on, "I saw things I shall never forget." I noticed that she had stopped eating. "Girls working in unheated factories in the middle of winter with no shoes on, dressed in rags; men beaten and whipped into the most difficult labor, under the most horrible conditions; poverty and humiliation no American could possibly tolerate. . . .

"Of course," she added quickly, "these things occurred in wartime. But just the same they left a disturbing impression on my mind."

"Why haven't you written of these things?" I asked.

"Because there were more important matters," she replied.

"Even today?"

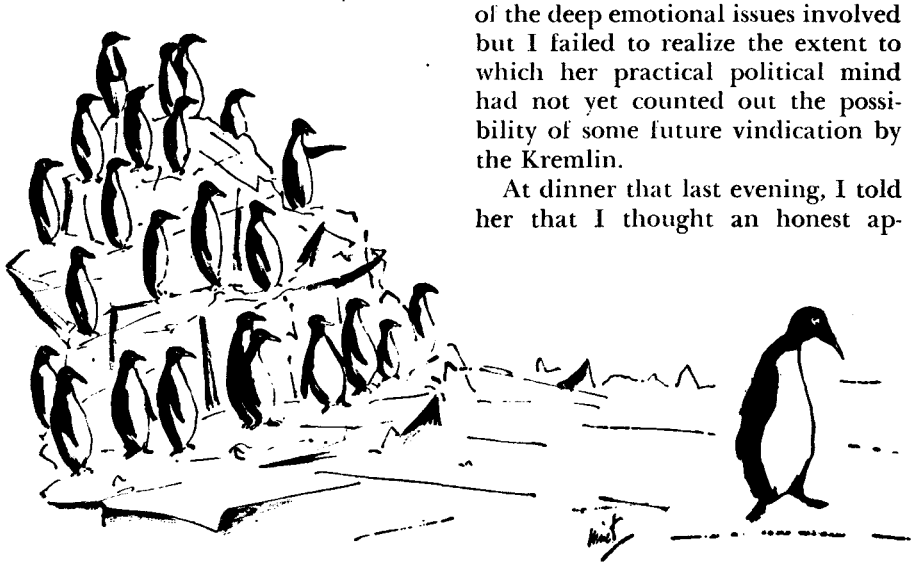
"Has everything changed in a decade?" she asked almost plaintively.

"It's been a long decade, " I said.

"Yes, long," she said, reflecting deeply, "but the experiment was designed for decades. I've thought of publishing the things I told you, and much more, but to do such a thing would mean forgetting more than you can realize. If I were convinced that the Soviet Union did not justify my faith, the world would become a hopeless, dreadful place for me."

"Yes," I admitted, "perhaps that faith can be a solution for you. But for thousands of people in my generation the future of humanity cannot rest upon half-truths. There are other experiments upon which to pin our hopes. Perhaps the day when the Soviet Union was an 'experiment' is over."

"Maybe you are right," she said slowly, looking down at her untouched breakfast. "I guess I'm not very hungry."



The Stubborn Myth

That afternoon Miss Strong lectured to a hall filled with eager Oberlin students. I listened closely to detect any signs of the impact of our conversations. The subject was China; and though I knew it occupied a special niche in her world outlook, I hoped for at least one passing allusion to the reality we had discussed at breakfast. To my disappointment, the talk consisted of little more than the same clichés and journalistic slogans to which she had treated the students the day before. As the students filed out of the hall at the end of the meeting, a friend said to me, "Paul, she's on the wrong side, but you've got to admit she has courage." What irony, I thought to myself, that her stubborn blindness should be labeled "courage."

That evening was Miss Strong's last in Oberlin. At dinner I made a determined effort to impress upon her the growing gap between her personal feelings and her public professions. It is difficult at this point to explain my conviction that Miss Strong, at her age and in her circumstances, could make an honest adjustment. I was dimly conscious of some of the deep emotional issues involved but I failed to realize the extent to which her practical political mind had not yet counted out the possibility of some future vindication by the Kremlin.

At dinner that last evening, I told her that I thought an honest appraisal of her own impressions might be of great benefit to many perplexed people.

"There is certainly much that I could say," she admitted, "but where would I publish an article today? No one wants my material now."

"I don't mean in a Communist publication," I said, realizing that journalism still meant Communist-approved journalism to her.

"I know," she replied acidly, "the *Reader's Digest*. I'm sure they would take my 'confession.' And I could use the money."

The *Digest* had not been exactly what I had in mind; and it was characteristic of her that in a difficult situation she should pose such an alternative. "It's impossible," she declared, this time with genuine feeling. "There's nothing worse—nothing—than being praised by your enemies. Can you imagine me in the *Reader's Digest*?"

"There are many other magazines," I interrupted. "Liberal, and independent, anxious to print honest discussions from any quarter."

"Yes, I know," she conceded finally, "there are other places." Her mood mellowed considerably, and for a while we discussed various magazines where she might place such an article. Her interest seemed genuine, and she concluded the discussion with the statement that she intended "to give the matter very serious thought."

We said good-by in the hotel lobby. Shaking hands, she said, "Our conversations have meant a great deal to me."

"To me too," I answered. "I hope you'll be going into print soon. And in any case, I hope I'll be hearing from you soon."

"I think you will."

The Door Remains Closed

I did hear soon. She had settled down in California and had begun to publish a small newsletter in which she commented on world developments. Her comments focused primarily on the "struggle for peace." The fact that she generally avoided direct coverage of internal Soviet developments made me hope that the process of re-evaluation was proceeding.

I was to be disappointed. Sometime in 1951 I received an issue of

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her newsletter in which she inserted a glowing description of the construction of the Volga-Don Canal. I had just finished reading a report on the forced labor employed in this particular "construction work of Communism," and therefore Miss Strong's naïve acceptance of the Soviet version of the story left me with a belated conviction of the futility of my efforts. I wrote her a short note discontinuing my subscription, briefly explaining the reasons for my decision. She made no reply.

From that time until her recent "vindication" in Moscow I heard nothing from or about Anna Louise Strong. What emotional resources continued to sustain her faith I do not know; what rationalizations she employed to hold in check the great bitterness I had glimpsed I cannot say; whether she shrewdly suspected in 1953 that the post-Stalin relaxation in the U.S.S.R. would eventually permit her vindication remains unknown.

However, it is clear from Moscow's action that she continued to remain silent on the matters we had discussed at such length. Loyalty to the Soviet Union is not always rewarded, but unless one displays loyalty in the face of the most excruciating personal experiences, one can expect nothing.

DESPITE her bitter lot, Anna Louise Strong found service in the international apparatus of Communism rewarding; the prospects of the resumption of contacts with the publishing houses in Warsaw, Prague, and Peking must be exciting indeed to her. There can be little doubt that with the Kremlin's display of magnanimity, Miss Strong has thrown away the keys that might some day have unlocked the memories to which I was momentarily given access. And with the emergence of Communist China as an equal partner with the Soviet Union in the world Communist movement, she may find herself among those honored next December with a Stalin Peace Prize.

Indeed, she might well turn to me and say: "Now do you understand why I resisted the temptation to speak out?" I could only reply, with some sadness, "Yes, Anna Louise, I understand."

The Job Harold Stassen Leaves Unfinished

REPRESENTATIVE HARRISON A. WILLIAMS

NOW THAT Harold Stassen has been shifted to the post of Special Presidential Assistant for disarmament problems, I am more concerned than ever about what is to become of the important work now handled by the Foreign Operations Administration. Mr. Stassen has been the most consistent spokesman within the Administration for aid to Asia. The FOA, of which Mr. Stassen has been the chief since its creation on August 1, 1953, is scheduled to expire on June 30.

Does Mr. Stassen's departure foretell the liquidation, or at least the fragmentation, of FOA? Do we have anything to offer the Asians except threats about tactical atomic weapons?

ALONG with a number of my colleagues in Congress, I have been trying for some months without success to get a clear picture of what the Administration plans to do about technical assistance and economic development in Asia. One day Mr. Stassen would seem to favor a Marshall Plan or possibly a Stassen Plan for Asia. The next day Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, guardian of "responsibility," would deny that any such plan existed. Then Secretary Dulles would clear up the whole issue, as he did during a stopover in Laos, by hinting that all Asia needs on the economic side is a little more trade.

Recently the dust has settled somewhat. In a press conference on March 17, Mr. Stassen announced an Administration decision to send up to Congress a foreign-aid program that is to include more public-investment funds for Asia than ever before. Its most striking and praiseworthy feature is to be a "regional fund" amounting to perhaps $200 million.

Although this is still a compromise Bold New Program—a little long on statements of the compelling need (Stassen) and a little short on substance (Humphrey)—it will probably resolve the Administration's internal fight. But, as Mr. Stassen himself said, it is only a first step in meeting the requirements of our foreign policy in Asia.

China vs. India

Economic assistance to Asia is both a necessity and an opportunity for the United States. The final answer to Communism is neither conventional nor unconventional weapons but the fulfillment of Asia's economic needs by democratic means. The contrast is already there—in the respective means by which China and India are trying to catch up with the industrialized nations of the world.

The nations in the non-Communist crescent of Asia must find ways to improve the economic well-being of their people. All of them are watching this competition between India and China.

In China, the Communist leaders are trying to industrialize their nation by imposing greater sacrifices on those who have least to give—the peasants. That, of course, is exactly what Stalin did in Russia. His Chinese followers are now facing the same stubborn fact he faced. No police state has ever figured out a way to force farmers to grow more food. It shouldn't take long for Mao Tse-tung, applying Stalin's theories in a country that has long suffered from large food deficits, to produce a severe food crisis in China. Already there is bitterness and despair.

It is now becoming clear, even to the overseas Chinese scattered throughout Southeast Asia, that Communist "land reform" is strictly a phony, that the tenants who thought they were getting land of their own have wound up as sharecroppers for the government. No wonder the Communists are beginning to complain in their own newspapers about "dangerous sponta-

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neous tendencies toward capitalism" among the peasants!

THE INDIANS, on the contrary, build up the agricultural sector of their economy rather than exploit it. Nehru's Five-Year Plan still has a year to run, but it is already possible to talk of its success. Aided by good weather, better fertilizers, more irrigation, some technical advice, and a widening participation in village community projects, India's farmers have already increased grain production by twenty-one per cent, substantially reducing a deficit that ran close to five million tons before the plan got under way. According to a New Delhi dispatch in the New York *Times*, "It can be said now that India is self-sufficient in food." Nehru's Government still has many problems to face, but it has clearly demonstrated for the rest of Asia to see that a democratic state can make a success of economic development.

Inevitable Conclusion

When we turn to Japan, we find that a solution to that nation's economic distress lies in the rapid development of South and Southeast Asia. Japan's problem is simple: An island crammed with industrial machinery and skilled workers, it needs markets for what it produces and has to import a wide variety of food and raw materials. The Japanese would like to increase their trade with us. But even if we had no tariffs at all, the United States would be a good market for only a small part of what Japan has to export.

The Japanese would like to increase their trade with Red China, too. But here again the potential amount of such trade has been vastly overrated. The Chinese would certainly be eager to buy what Japan has to sell, but China cannot offer much in return except coal and a few odd commodities like tung oil and hog bristles. What would provide a real answer to Japan's trade problem is the rapid economic development of the rest of Asia.

Considerations of both politics and economics thus lead us inevitably to the same conclusion: A vigorous program of economic assistance to Asia should be at the core of U.S. foreign policy.

The Colombo Plan

How can the program be carried out? A new and hopeful means is now available to us. The Colombo Plan, which was originally a family affair within the British Commonwealth, has now been expanded to take in practically all of non-Communist Asia.

The Colombo Plan has now become the center where a dozen national-development plans are synchronized. What's more, it allows western nations to help Asians without arousing their suspicions. The Asians themselves are spending about $2 billion this year on the Colombo Plan, and loans and grants from the United States, Britain,

Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have amounted to $1 billion since 1950. Alongside this investment program there is a thriving program of technical assistance: Five thousand Asians are being trained, and twenty-five hundred British and Commonwealth experts are building dams, making geological surveys, and applying the West's skills to the East's problems in a hundred fields.

This existing association of Asian nations could be expanded into a source of investment capital for the entire region with the backing of U.S. funds. A unilateral U.S. program might be called imperialism; a multilateral program under U.N. auspices might be sabotaged by Soviet participation. The Colombo Plan avoids both dangers.

The Obstacles

What's keeping us from doing what obviously needs to be done in Asia? It seems to me that there are three obstacles—apart from the Administration's own indecision. One obstacle is our own fixed prejudices about foreign investment. Another, not so widely known but equally damaging, is Mr. Stassen's injection of party politics into the supposedly "nonpartisan" Foreign Operations Administration. The third obstacle has been and continues to be an absence of clear lines of authority in administering the program.

The illusion persists in the present as well as in the previous Administration that private investors can meet most of the need for capital in the economically underdeveloped areas of the world. It is an attractive idea, but the simple truth is that right here at home, to say nothing of prospering Canada, the investor finds more lucrative and far safer investment opportunities than are to be found in any underdeveloped area. Foreign countries are now paying us half again as much return on past investments as American citizens are currently investing abroad. I am afraid that continued efforts by the government to entice American investors abroad will have little effect. Private investors will go into the less developed areas only after some advance has been made on the basic problems of transportation, communication, and health. This can only be done by some form of public investment.

The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development does part of this job—the part that a strictly banking operation can appropriately do. The Export-Import Bank exists to promote U.S. trade rather than investment in other countries; so it too can meet only a limited need on a limited scale.

The proposed International Finance Corporation would be an excellent further step in the right direction. By investing in enterprises that Asians themselves start and manage and then selling off its holdings locally when the enterprises become profitable, such a corporation

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could promote industrial development and help to create a capital market at the same time. It would, however, leave still unsolved the problem of where the money for basic economic development is to come from.

For too many years, our government has suffered from a lack of imagination in grappling with the whole problem of public investment in less developed areas. Only two forms of assistance have generally been thought feasible: direct grants, which are onerous to the recipients as well as to U.S. taxpayers; and dollar loans that have to be repaid directly in dollars.

And yet there are other forms of dollar assistance that could be used. We need to learn to use them in Asia.

Suppose we should adopt a program to help finance a regional-development bank under the Colombo Plan. The United States could provide the bank with a major share of its initial capital, and loans to the participating countries could then be paid back to the regional bank in local currency. This money could then be loaned out again for further development projects. Such a scheme would have several advantages:

¶ It would create a long-term revolving fund to meet the need for continuous investment in such fields as public health, education, agriculture, and communications.

¶ It would avoid the difficulty of repayment in dollars.

¶ It would avoid the onus of "charity" for the recipient and some of the equally onerous "giveaway" implications for U.S. taxpayers.

¶ It would clearly indicate a *permanent* interest on our part in helping Asians to realize their economic aspirations.

The Pork Barrel

The second obstacle to moving ahead on an Asian program has been the way Mr. Stassen, the man who has advocated a new and bigger program, has been running the one he already had. To put it bluntly, political and patronage considerations have had a devastating effect on the operations of FOA.

Last year, I sponsored an amendment to the Mutual Security Act specifically prohibiting the application of "political tests" to FOA appointments abroad, including technical-asssistance positions. Senator Hubert Humphrey (D., Minnesota) sponsored the amendment in the Senate, and the provision is now law. Despite this legal restriction, FOA filled more jobs by the patronage method in the last half of 1954 than did the entire Departments of Defense, State, Treasury, Labor, and Health, Education, and Welfare combined. As a matter of fact, nearly twenty-nine per cent of all those given Federal employment under the "jobs-for-Republicans" program found a haven in Mr. Stassen's sup-

posedly "nonpartisan" and relatively small agency.

In a six-month period FOA found 237 job openings to refer to the Republican National Committee. Furthermore, funds appropriated for economic development and technical assistance have been diverted to pay for "observation trips" of Republican clubwomen. "Operation Reindeer" sent four prominent Republican women and their husbands to Europe during the Christmas season of 1953—at a cost of $19,000—to observe the Christmas-package program.

"Operation Crewcut" brought sixteen young men into FOA last October to study local investment opportunities around the world. All sixteen appointees were cleared with the party leadership. At this writing only three of the young men have been assigned. Thirteen remain on the payroll in Washington. The reason is simple: Small FOA missions abroad fight against the assignment of relatively unnecessary personnel whose salaries will cut into their meager staff allowances. The total cost of this program to date has been close to $60,000, and the only benefit from it seems to have accrued to the Republican National Committee.

Since political affiliation has become an important criterion for recruitment and promotion, many competent technical and administrative people have left the agency, and those who remain find politics constantly interfering with their work. Efforts to find a worthy Republican for a particular job frequently hold up important projects. It has never been easy to find qualified specialists who are willing to go abroad; the intrusion of partisan considerations makes it even more difficult.

Ever since the appointment in 1948 of Paul Hoffman, a prominent Republican, to head FOA's predecessor agency, the Economic Cooperation Administration, there has been a sort of gentlemen's agreement between Republicans and Democrats in Congress that overseas economic and technical-assistance activities are to be conducted on a nonpartisan basis. Mr. Hoffman's successor was another Republican, William C. Foster. This was good politics: The whole program depends upon bipartisan support in the Congress. Mr. Stassen's deviation from the nonpartisan approach has dangerously undermined Congressional support.

Under One Roof

The third obstacle to an effective program has been disagreement over how the program should be administered. There are those who believe that foreign economic programs should be administered by the State Department and other established government agencies. Many, though by no means all, of those who want to partition all foreign economic operations into the old-line agencies hope that if the program is split up it can soon be killed altogether.

In my opinion, there are a number of reasons why it is desirable to keep the operating parts of an economic program separate from the regular duties of the State Department and the Foreign Service. The diplomatic responsibilities of Foreign Service officers require that they avoid any action that may be considered interference in the internal affairs of other countries. They cannot be expected to perform their primary duties effectively while operating a

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program, even one requested by the participating country, that by its very nature is involved in changing the internal affairs of that country.

But some kind of central direction is required. Although it is essential to use all the facilities and knowledge of other government agencies, the program cannot be "farmed out" section by section to the various old-line agencies—Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, Interior, and so on. Unified administration is essential. The best plan would seem to be a separate agency under an administrator who is responsible to the Secretary of State.

Proposals

To this end, I propose that the Congress enact the following legislation:

¶ Establish a permanent Technical Cooperation and Economic Development Agency under an administrator responsible only to the Secretary of State. Under this plan, economic and technical-assistance programs would be separated from military-aid activities, which would be transferred to the direct control of the defense establishment.

¶ Authorize the continuation of the technical-assistance and development programs for periods of at least four years. Some degree of long-range planning is absolutely essential for any degree of success.

¶ Authorize a regional fund for Asia, loans to be repaid in local currency. The funds should be used to further economic development through an agency like the Colombo Plan.

Congress should furthermore make sure that all the facts about the administration of FOA are brought to light before new funds are appropriated. If it meant what it said last year about keeping politics out of economic and technical assistance, it should impress its attitude upon the new chief of whatever agency is set up to handle these matters.

Such a program will certainly not solve all our problems. It is only the beginning of a long process. But since so many of the obstacles we face are of our own making, an effective program in Asia must necessarily begin right here in Washington.

The Illinois Legion And 'Positive Americanism'

CHARLES and JEAN KOMAIKO

CHICAGO

THE COMMANDER rapped his gavel sharply. "Comrades, this meeting of the Seventh District, Department of Illinois, American Legion, will now come to order." The clinking of glasses stopped in the bar at the back of the hall. The men, young and old, slapped on their overseas caps and began straggling forward to their seats.

Solemnly the colors were posted and the members pledged to "uphold and defend the Constitution."

There were endless reports covering everything from finances to the status of the Drum and Bugle Corps.

The district anti-subversive chairman heatedly suggested that the raising of Congressional salaries was playing into the hands of the Commies. The voice droned on about pro-leftist films, pro-leftist textbooks, and a subversive character in New Jersey whose name was not disclosed. The chairman ended by urging everyone to write the Department of Justice.

When the legislative chairman began a long report on the "anti-subversive" bills in Springfield, the Legionnaires began to grow restive. They had been hearing these same reports for a decade and tonight they were anxious to move on to beer and conviviality.

Something New

The litany of the Legion is pretty much the same anywhere in America, but that night in suburban Chicago something strange happened, and since then similar things have been going on in other Legion posts in Illinois.

Nobody paid much attention when Comrade Francis Boylan, a school principal, got up and began to talk about a program called Education for Freedom which, he said, was giving the Legion a new look and a more becoming one than when they were criticizing Girl Scouts.

When Boylan introduced Comrade John W. Bottomley, who had brought along some panel leaders to help with a demonstration, the members glanced at their watches in dismay. But something about the gaunt, spare Bottomley interested them. They watched him struggling for words, often smothered by a cough that still persists from a First World War gassing.

"We are in a third world war," he said finally. "It's a battle of ideas. We just recited our Preamble, swearing to uphold the Constitution. But most of us don't know anything about our Constitution or the Declaration of Independence.

"You fellows may think that a discussion about the basic American documents would be as dull as a runoff between two lily bulbs at a flower show. You're wrong. Washing machines, TV sets, these are only the by-products of the things which really make us great: our vital ideas. And they're exciting. I'll prove it!"

At this moment a short, stubby man clambered up on the stage. "My name's Simon," he said briskly. "I'm the moderator. We need two long tables moved to the middle of the room. Let's go!"

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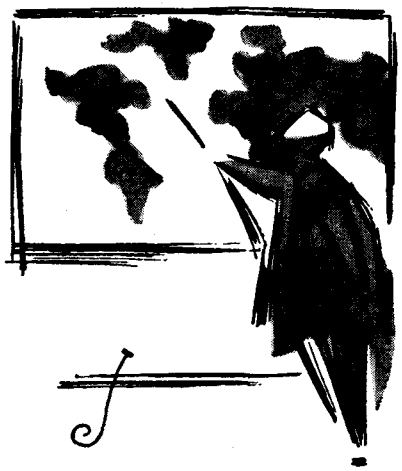

The tables and chairs were put in place. "We need a panel," Simon went on. Nobody moved. "Come on, now, come on. You guys fought in three wars. All you got to do this time is talk. What are you afraid of? You, over there, sit in this chair. . . ."

Slowly and with great reluctance, eleven men took seats around the tables. Each was handed a copy of the Declaration of Independence. "Read the first paragraph out loud!" Simon barked at a panelist.

A man began to read and soon the discussion was under way. A comrade with an eighth-grade education was arguing with the Post's chaplain about the meaning of "nature's God"; a truck driver who still limps from Okinawa wondered whether all men are really "created equal"; a Negro comrade said equality wasn't here yet, but it was on its way "if everybody really believes in America"; a young real-estate man admitted that it took guts to sign that paper in 1776 because the men who did were "revolutionaries." "Not so," said another Legionnaire. "They were fighting absolute despotism. It says so right here in the middle of the second paragraph."

For almost an hour the discussion went on, sparked by the moderator when necessary, but mostly propelled by its own power. Long before the time was up, questions and answers were bouncing all over the room, and every man present made up the panel. When it was finished, Bottomley had proved his point.

Ten Dollars Unclaimed

It all began in 1951, when a Chicago group known as the American Heritage Council decided to apply the "Great Books" technique to basic documents in American history. Panels were run off at the swank Union League Club and at Statesville Prison. Convicts and capitalists were equally enthusiastic about the program.

About this time Bottomley, a descendant of Thomas Stone of Maryland, who signed the Declaration, got interested. "I'd been carrying a ten-dollar bill in my pocket for a long time as a reward for anyone who could name ten of the thirty resolutions in the Declaration. You know, it was the only bill I could never get rid of. When I heard about this project, I asked the American Heritage people to run off a session at my own Chicago Millinery Men's Post."

When the session clicked, Bottomley marched off to an old friend and Legion comrade, Irvine Breakstone, At that time Breakstone, a Chicago lawyer, was campaigning for election as Cook County commander.

"I didn't have to be sold," says Breakstone, who has since become state commander. "I knew this was something we needed. It was time to be *for* something as well as *against* Communists. You know," Breakstone adds, "I'd heard of Russian Commies asking to be buried with a copy of the Manifesto, but I'd never heard of an American wanting the Constitution placed in his grave."

The day Breakstone took office, "positive Americanism" became an official Illinois Legion program under the title "Education for Freedom," with John Bottomley as chairman.

Reactionary Reaction

The more popular the program became, the more anguished became the howls from the extreme right-wing faction of the Illinois Legion, long led by the state anti-subversive chairman, Edward Clamage. Since no one could object to the discussion of American documents, the barbs were aimed at the inordinate amount of time the program was taking.

Clamage was right. The program did take time and it also won plaudits from the press. For years under Clamage's tutelage the Illinois Legion had lashed out at all kinds of people. Prominent Chicagoans like Dr. John A. Lapp and Bishop Sheil had felt the sting of his whip. Burl Ives had been kept from work in Las Vegas; Langston Hughes, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and dozens of others had been attacked.

A few years back, Clamage's disapprobation fell on a fellow Legionnaire, David L. Shillinglaw, past state commander and a prominent Republican. President Eisenhower had suggested Shillinglaw for a Federal appointment. No, said Clamage, this would never do. Back in the 1930's, along with Herbert Hoover and a number of Wall Street bankers, Shillinglaw had joined the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Legionnaires already weary of amateur sleuthing watched disapprovingly last August as Clamage and his cohorts made after the Girl Scouts and succeeded in ramming a condemnatory resolution through the state convention.

After some investigation, the national convention picked up the pieces, commended the Scouts for changing the text of their manual, and reassured the parents of America that the little girls were loyal.

As state commander, Breakstone further clipped Clamage's wings by setting up a rival group, the Commission on Law and Order, under an able Chicago jurist, Judge Alfonse Wells. "I firmly believe that anyone whose loyalty is suspect should be watched," Breakstone explains, "but not by amateurs using the 'big smear.' That's the Communist method, and when we use it we are helping to destroy America."

Clamage is still in business, but the competition has increased. There is Judge Wells performing the same

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job and making use of his FBI background to do it. And of course there is Bottomley and "Education for Freedom." In the past year a thousand Legion posts in the state have received literature, and group leaders from the Legion are being trained as fast as facilities permit. Breakstone says: "This is a kind of education as American as a hot-stove-league session, as interesting as bingo. I am especially delighted to find boys with only grade-school educations getting as much out of these meetings as our college members."

'This Inspiring Program'

Support has come from higher levels. Last October when the Legion's National Executive Committee gathered in Indianapolis they heard John Stelle, Governor of Illinois in 1940 and a former National Commander, talk about the *American Legion Monthly*, which, he said, was losing both advertising revenue and readers. Stelle felt that the blame was due to the constant harping about Communists. He suggested that the Legion publication begin to talk about the things the Legion was *for*. And in February of this year, National Commander Seaborn P. Collins praised "Education for Freedom" directly and announced that every Department of the Legion "would be made fully aware of this inspiring program." It remains to be seen whether Education for Freedom will be adopted as a national program.

MEANWHILE there's Izzy Witt, a gray-haired, cigar-smoking veteran of the First World War, who has been an active Legionnaire for decades. Izzy is a supervisor for a burglar-alarm service. A rock-ribbed Republican with little formal schooling, he distrusts Democrats and loathes Communists. "Senator McCarthy?" Says Izzy Witt. "First I thought the guy was terrific, then came this Fifth Amendment stuff. Well, what's wrong with the Fifth Amendment? We need that 'due process' clause, don't we? You can't take one part out because some jerks use it!" Nobody's going to fool Legionnaire Witt when it comes to civil rights and his country's Constitution.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Sweetest Boy In All the World

A Short Story about Kenya

ROBERT ARDREY

SHE HAD hung up her falsies and discarded her teeth, and there was nothing about her now that spoke of the movie star but the coppery, good-for-Technicolor hair. We had survived eight courses of Kenya hospitality and a bottle of white South African wine, and we were having coffee on the veranda of the Norfolk.

"It's simply Hollywood and Vine, isn't it?" she said. "You always meet someone. They come trooping through Nairobi, staying at the Norfolk, making a film or on their way

to shoot some helpless animal. Gable, Granger, Gardner, Hepburn, Peck—it's amazing."

"Don't put me in that bracket," I said.

"Well, I'm not exactly putting myself in it," she said.

There is a simplicity in Anne that has always touched me, but it never gets onto the screen. Once upon a time, back in the late 1930's, it looked as if she might have a considerable career. She became a minor [illegible] she worked hard. She was young then, and she had a quite wonderful giggle. Like Stanwyck and the great Carole Lombard, she spent little time in her dressing room and was always around the stage between setups, making jokes with the grips. Publicity loved her and worked hard for her. But nothing ever quite happened. Neither falsies nor big white porcelain caps could give her the magic of the true star.

BY THE END of the war there was little left for Anne in Hollywood. Then a few years ago she began to appear occasionally in British films. The value of her name was nothing at all, in a box-office sense. But it was American. And London film producers, hard pressed in the slipping British film industry, were willing to buy anything that sounded American and might help with an American release. Besides, you could get Anne for very few dollars.

"Honestly," she said. "It's Hollywood and Vine. I feel so at home in Kenya. That's a bougainvillaea." There was a wistfulness. She pointed out into the dark. I couldn't see anything. "When I had that house in Beverly Hills—you remember?—there was a bougainvillaea all over the back of it. And hibiscus. And jacarandas. Those are jacarandas over there across the road." I still couldn't see anything. She must have memorized the landscape. "And eucalyptus trees. Haven't you noticed? It even smells like California."

"I'm living in a back room at the New Stanley," I said. "I get fish."

"Oh, you just haven't been here long," she said. "This is my second time out. I made another film here."

"Before the Emergency?"

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She nodded. "I literally fell in love with Africa, and Kenya, and Nairobi. People took me out to these lovely houses in the Highlands. The English were so nice. And town, too. Oh, it sounds silly, but Nairobi's got such an overgrown, busting-out-at-the-seams thing about it, and night clubs and crazy-looking modernistic office buildings. Right here on the equator, in the middle of Africa. I couldn't believe it! So much like Hollywood."

She got very quiet. A barefooted brown boy in red fez and long white *kanzu* with a dark-red sash silently refilled our cups. Not a Kikuyu, I thought. Last time Anne was here it would have been a Kikuyu filling her coffee cup. Now they're gone. In prisons, or concentration camps, or back on the reserves.

"Is this the same part you're doing now?" I said. "The American wife, and the white hunter gets into your tent along about the seventh reel?"

"Don't be mean," she said, softly. "A girl's got to work."

She was looking off into the dark at where the bougainvillaeas were. A brown boy came through the veranda ringing a bicycle bell and holding up a blackboard with somebody's name on it. A heavy-set sunburned upcountry settler, in proper jacket and tie, rose from a nearby table where he had been sitting alone and moved wearily toward the lobby. As he passed, the gun under his jacket thudded against my chair.

"Look, Anne, for God's sake," I said, suddenly irritated. "Why don't you chuck it? Your career isn't worth a local shilling. And don't tell me a girl's got to work. You are the wickedest waste of magnificent wifeliness I ever ran into. Find yourself some tower of manhood who's made himself a packet, latch onto him—"

"If you weren't so damn stingy you'd buy me a brandy," she said.

She was angry with good reason, I with less. I waved at the bar boy and ordered the brandy. We waited in a sullen quiet, and all about us was the well-bred murmur of the Norfolk veranda, and the delicate thumping of brown African feet. There was a stiff little cast in her cheek. She was watching the traffic on a sodium-lighted highway a quarter of a mile away, and I was watching her gloomily and thinking, What is this unreasonable bug that bites them, worse than the tsetse, that compels a lovely, lonely woman to lash her magnified face on and on to a last humiliating fade-out in the East African bush, and the Mau Mau waiting in the forests?

Then suddenly she was giggling. It was that wonderful prewar giggle, like bright wine gurgling from a gallon bottle. I was beyond bewilderment.

"Oh, you clot," she said. "Now look. There's a chap coming here in just a few minutes. I think I saw him just now get out of a car. His name's Fitzroy Haddon, and it's a settler family, and they've got a simply enormous place up toward Mount Kenya, and I saw a lot of him my first time out. If you do anything to ruin things—"

I made a startled sound. She kept right on going. "It's been terrible for them. The Mau Mau. It started right after I left. I haven't seen him. He's written. I don't know what he's going to say, but if you start moralizing, I swear I'll dance on your grave. He's the sweetest boy in all the world—" She was as pink as a carnation. "That's all. Please. Don't go away too fast; it'll make me look silly. Just stay long enough to be casual and then clear out."

She must have seen him in the lobby, for she rose, her mouth a little open like Marilyn Monroe, and darted away. I was discreet. I didn't look. I was thinking, Oh thank God, thank God, dear Annie, you are good and decent and generous and you have no talent. I will like this man if I have to turn British subject to manage it. She was in love, and it was Kenya, like the California she remembered and couldn't go back to. Oh, I will do the right things and say the right things—

"Come on," she said. She was standing over me. "He hasn't had time to change, and he wants us to go somewhere else."

"I'll duck," I said.

"You will not duck," she said. "How do you want me to look, predatory? And for heaven's sake don't start reminiscing about you and me and Vilma Banky. Pretend you're older than I am. And no moralizing!"

He was a dark, compact man in bush clothes. A heavy revolver hung at his side in a loose holster. He was

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weary, and his very large, penetrating brown eyes were bloodshot from driving. He smiled easily, and laughed perhaps too quickly. He drove us to a club that I had never heard of, where there were booths like the Brown Derby and men dressed like him in bush clothes. Some were bearded. They talked in tight growls. Anne was the only woman.

I EXCUSED myself for a few minutes to give Anne a little more time. When I came back she was holding his hand on the table, and they were speaking low together, and there was whisky. I said I would have time only for a quick one.

"What are you doing in Africa?" he said.

I said that I didn't know; that I was like the man who climbed the mountain. When people asked him why he had climbed it, he said, "Because it was there."

He laughed, and said, "I presume you'll stay a few days and then go back to the States and write a book about the poor sad African and what bloody bastards we all are."

There seemed nothing unpleasant in his voice, but Anne was looking at me imploringly.

"Not a chance," I said.

"He isn't that kind of a writer," said Anne, cheerfully vicious. "He writes films about the American wife, and the white hunter who creeps into her tent in the seventh reel."

"That should make him an authority," said Haddon. His bloodshot eyes crinkled pleasantly, but there was an odd persistence in his voice. "No offense. Perhaps you're the odd bloke who can see how it is. We're an afflicted people here in Kenya. The settlers, I mean. It's not the Mau Mau who afflict us. It's reformers from the States on three-week tours, and pansies up in London, and the gospelizers back in the reserves, and that bloody fool Nehru over in India, and U.N. commissions, and our own bloody Colonial Office that seems to prefer Africans to Europeans. Sometimes I dread coming into Nairobi. It's pleasanter slaughtering savages in the Aberdares."

I LOOKED at Anne. She was staring at him. Her mouth was open a little, not like Marilyn Monroe but as if she might say something. Oh, no, I thought, and I rushed in.

"Be careful, will you?" I said. "Anne's a softie. We're Americans, remember. She hasn't personally slaughtered a savage in almost a hundred years."

"Shut up," said Anne. Oh, no, please, Annie, I thought, don't look at him that way. "Fitz, that wasn't very funny."

"Sorry," said Haddon pleasantly. "Didn't mean to be touchy. But it's the truth. It's you people overseas who keep the Emergency going. That keep me wearing a gun, that keep Kenya a bloody battlefield. I've scarcely been home in two years. Farm's a ruin. Pick up the *East African Standard* on Fridays. Look at the bankruptcies. Businessmen who can't get to their businesses, but they're out in the bloody bush, month after month."

"Don't blame it on us!" said Anne.

"Well, I don't. Sorry. We've got our own gospelizers right here in Kenya. But oh, I tell you, Anne, I've done some thinking since you were here last. Idealism! If we hadn't established a protectorate, by now the Masai would have killed off the Kikuyu, and there'd be no Kikuyu. We inoculated their cattle, so their herds doubled and now there's a land problem. We brought in hygiene, so the black bastards don't die like flies any more, and there's too many of them and they're trying to push us out. We're a stupid bloody lot, and we're getting what we deserve."

"Fitz," said Anne, low. "That's a terrible thing to say."

THE PINK was all gone from her cheeks. It was hard for me to look at her. She had come back to Kenya—to the hibiscus and the eucalyptus trees and the man she had fallen in love with—and here he was, after a scant two years, someone else.

"Cinemascope," I said, hopelessly. "How do you feel about Cinemascope?"

"Oh, for God's sake," she said, turning on me. She knocked over her whisky. Haddon hissed angrily in Swahili at the lingering table boy. The boy bent his woolly head over the table and mopped frantically. Haddon's bloodshot eyes never left him till the boy was gone and the table was dry.

"It's all so very simple," said Haddon, his eyes again crinkly and smiling. "Leave us alone. We've learned, most of us. We could end this Emergency in months. We could get back

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to our farms and businesses, and fishing at Thomson's Falls . . ."

I couldn't help it. "How?" I said.

He shrugged. "How do a few thousand Mau Mau get two million Kikuyu to protect them, and join them, and take their sickening Mau Mau oaths? By terror. It's so simple. Let us shoot a few hundred Kikuyu a week. They'll be more terrified of us than they are of the Mau Mau. It'll be over in months."

I was staggered. "Do you mean shoot them whether or not they're Mau Mau?"

"Of course," said the sweetest boy in all the world. "How did you handle the Indians?"

I was trying not to look at Anne. I was thinking, 'What have I to say to this man? That we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal? What do I, a man with that most valuable document on earth, an American passport, a man with an address on a quiet street in California—what do I know about survival, and the Aberdare forests, and pangas whistling in the night, and cows with their udders cut off, and black women with their intestines spilled out, and ancient hatreds and mortal fears?

I heard Anne say, "Have you killed these people yourself?" I heard him laugh. "Fitz, please. Have you killed these people yourself?"

He was looking at his hands, and taking his time. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Since they aren't people, Anne, I don't quite know what to say."

"Please," she said. She was pale; she was struggling. "You know what I mean. Just tell me. How many have you killed?"

"I don't know," he said, and smiled. "Really, I couldn't care less."

Somebody in the back of the room called his name, and he rose. "Back in a minute." He disappeared.

Anne and I were looking at each other across the table. She must be forty by now, I thought. There'd be some gray if she let that copper hair grow out.

"Take me home," she said. "Quickly."

THE DOWNTOWN STREETS in Nairobi are brilliantly lighted these nights since the Emergency, but of course empty. I was lucky and found a taxi, and I took her to the Norfolk at the edge of town. We stood for a moment by the bougainvillaea. She said something about location in Uganda, and that she might not be seeing me. And then suddenly she flung her arms about me—because, I suppose, I was the only American around—and she fled to her cottage.

I returned to downtown Nairobi, and the whitened empty streets, and the New Stanley. Half a dozen heavily armed young men stood talking, quietly and with a kind of eagerness, on the steps. They seemed to be waiting for something. I offered them my taxi, but they were expecting transport. I remembered the Ford salesman from Canada who had been killed on these steps a year or so ago.

My back room on the third floor smelled heavy and closed. I undressed, and locked the door, and took my radio to bed with me. Under the tall white shroud of my mosquito net, I listened to the Nairobi station until it signed off at eleven o'clock. It played "Hey, There," and "People Will Say We're in Love."

BROADWAY SPECULATIONS: The E.A. in Theater

MARYA MANNES

E.A. IS NOT a Greek political party or a new government agency. The letters stand for the new privileged class, the aristocracy of business: those whose pleasures are paid by an expense account.

With E.A. a mediocre musical can run for years. Without E.A. a good play can expire in weeks. Theater people estimate that thirty to forty per cent of the New York theater audience is an expense-account audience, and that this is the percentage between life and death.

What kind of a play do the E.A.s want to see? Well, they want to see a hit. They want to see stars. They want, of course, to be entertained—not stimulated, or depressed, or alarmed, but entertained. If Mr. Sampson, Western Sales Manager for the Cavity Drill Corporation, comes to New York on a business trip and is not taken to "The Pajama Game" or "Fanny" or "Silk Stockings," it is a reflection on Cavity Drill's Eastern management and on Mr. Sampson's standing with the firm. A hit show is as much part of a business trip as a room with a bath.

Much out of Little

Now there is not the slightest implication intended here that a hit cannot be a good play, and vice versa. "Bus Stop" is a first-rate play, and so is "The Desperate Hours." "Anastasia," "The Bad Seed," and "Witness for the Prosecution"—all hits—are highly skillful and often exciting theater fare, worthy of a wide range of support. It is in the musicals, probably, that the fundamental character of E.A. patronage reveals itself, which is the worship of Production over Content. Given the particular American genius for taking little and making it much, material as fundamentally thin both in music and book as that of "Fanny," "Can-can," or "House of Flowers" can be made into a rousing hit with an indefinite run. It is rea-

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sonably certain that with a hundred thousand dollars, several Names, pretty girls, and a top director, a producer would be assured of an inexhaustible audience for a musical version of Winchell's column. The E.A.s get a lot for their money, if "a lot" can be defined as a magnificent jewel-encrusted box with nothing in it.

Now you can say that if people are happy with empty boxes and willing to pay for them, it's their own fault: They are suckers. And knowing that the supply of suckers has been constant since time immemorial, it is the rare producer who does not profit by them.

The Sure Thing

Yet there is inevitably this question of standards. If you can get away so very profitably with the second-rate, why take a chance on the first-rate, in which there is always the element of risk? (Too intelligent for people? Too subtle for people? Too bold for people?) The "angels" will quite naturally gravitate toward the Sure Thing, serene in the knowledge that if you can get Joshua Logan to direct and Ezio Pinza to sing, the brokers will buy up blocks of seats for six months in advance regardless of what is directed or sung. On the other hand, the producer with a good script and no Names will think twice before he invites the harrowing ordeal of finding backers to gamble on it. Through their lack of discrimination, the E.A.s have made things tough indeed for the discriminating writer and producer.

They have made it even tougher for the discriminating playgoer. Since money is no object, since they do not pay out of their own pocket, expense-account theatergoers can buy up all the best seats at a show at any price the broker demands. The remaining sixty-five per cent of the audience who are not on expense account are either rich enough to pay twenty dollars apiece for brokers' seats or importunate enough to pay six or seven dollars apiece for inferior seats and wait several months to occupy them. Those who cannot afford the price or the far-off commitment, or will not tolerate the contemptuous indifference of the box office, simply do not see the play.

The Forgotten One Million

The number of theater lovers in New York itself (out-of-towners plan their trips months ahead and their tickets accordingly) who do not get to the theater should give pause to producers, even to the happy producers of hits. For they are the true potential supporters of a healthy theater; more interested in good acting and good writing than in the celebrity of actor or writer; people who could restore some sort of balance in an economy—profoundly unhealthy in any art—where only the wholly popular or wholly acceptable survives. It is estimated that there are potentially one million of these people in New York alone. They would buy tickets, if tickets were available and reasonable, to the kind of play that would

not necessarily amuse or impress Mr. Sampson of the Cavity Drill Corporation. And they could keep it going.

How to tap them, how to make seats available and reasonable? There is only one answer, and that is a statute comparable to the tacit code of English brokers (and there is no theater more flourishing and accessible than in London) prohibiting block buying of seats and abiding by definite and inalterable brokerage fees (a few shillings there) on all tickets.

And why is this not done here? The usual reasons: politics, profits, an administration too fearful to tangle with money and power, a citizenry too timid to assert its rights in common action.

There can be no broad democratic support of an art if there is no democracy in its economic practices. And there can be no real discrimination in theater if the privilege of attending it is a matter of money alone; someone else's money at that.

II. The Saint and Fry

In any group where theater is discussed someone will bring up "The Saint of Bleecker Street," and someone will wonder out loud why it is in such dire straits after some of the most magnificent reviews of the season and after a run of only three months. Ostensibly this Gian-Carlo Menotti opera has everything: great dramatic and musical excitement, a flawless production, dynamic pace. Menotti is probably the outstanding talent in the musical theater today. Thousands who would not be dragged to opera have been entranced by "The Medium," deeply affected by the major "Consul" and the minor "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

Admittedly, argues its young and brave producer, Chandler Cowles, "The Saint" may not be Expense Account meat: It is violent, disturbing, and starless. And indeed, the absence of the E.A. audience was marked. But where were those million potential supporters, the true lovers of theater? In spite of their possible fears to the contrary, seats were almost always available. What happened?

It is this reviewer's feeling that the trouble lay equally with the opera and the audience. Even to its most ardent admirers, the human motivations in "The Saint" were obscure and unconvincing. Yet such was the fervor and talent of their musical expression that this fault alone would not have put people off. I believe the real reason was that "The Saint of Bleecker Street" was a play with such intensely Catholic associations that it set up deep reactions, conscious or unconscious, among non-Catholics that ranged from upsetting to repellent. To these people, the simple girl who suffered the stigmata was not an adequate vessel for sainthood. Faith, pain, and sweetness are to many of us—and to the strictest Catholic understanding—not sufficient for a state of true holiness, which we recognize not as a divine accident but as the ultimate form of wisdom. We cannot care for Annina, and if we cannot care for

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her, the play's passion—however gripping and admirable musically and dramatically—becomes an assault on the mind rather than an affirmation of the spirit. "The Saint" disturbs many of us, not because it makes us think but because it tries to make us feel what we cannot believe.

If there is some truth in this explanation, there is a clue in the estimate that seventy per cent of those who support theater arts in New York are Jewish (the same percentage, incidentally, that supports our museums and symphonies). The very Catholic "Saint" disturbs them, whether they admit it or not.

Now it is true that such racial generalizations can never be finite and that there were Jews who found nothing disturbing at all in "The Saint." Yet it is reasonable to assume that if the Jewish audience, large as it is, were supporting the opera, it would be playing to full houses nightly instead of only on weekends.

There is another interesting point. In spite of a highly favorable reception in the Catholic press, the Catholic audience of New York was conspicuously absent. I would hazard a guess here that while European Catholics continue to play an important role in the intellectual and artistic life of the continent, New York Catholics have not yet taken their full place in the intellectual and artistic life of the city.

Whatever the reason, a major work of contemporary theater is dying on its feet.

ONE WOULD have supposed, for quite other reasons, that "The Dark Is Light Enough," by Christopher Fry, would fare better than it has. Here is a play by England's leading dramatic poet, with two stars who should draw large groups of people: Katharine Cornell, the idol of serious and suburban theatergoers, and Tyrone Power, a favorite with millions of movie fans. But I think here that the "true supporters," not seduced by names, recognize (with justifiable irritation) that Mr. Fry does not make himself clear, that the play is badly constructed and poorly motivated, and that even Miss Cornell's familiar projection of mature radiance and Mr. Fry's often delightful way with words do not, in the end, prevent the play from being a dragging riddle. They recognize, too, that Tyrone Power is

grossly miscast in a part that for its sheer unattractiveness few actors would want. Possibly with actors playing in the same key as John Williams, who is the real star of the performance, "The Dark Is Light Enough" would have pace and wit enough to blur its faults. As it stands, it can please only those who will see Miss Cornell in anything or who believe that they understand what Mr. Fry is saying and like it because he says it.

Here indeed is the other end of the scale—the indiscriminateness of those who feel secure in their discrimination.

How Henry Regnery Got That Way

THOMAS D. PARRISH

IT IS POSSIBLE to argue that liberals are just as good at political name-calling as the most furious right-wingers. In fact, it's probably somewhat easier to get yourself called a fascist these days than to get a man to risk legal action calling you a Communist.

Imagine, then, the epithets that come the way of a publisher who has issued books that seem to attack academic freedom, praise and support Senator McCarthy, maintain that China was a free gift from the State Department to Stalin, and argue that German militarism was created by the French general staff.

Henry Regnery has published *God and Man at Yale, McCarthy and His Enemies, Back Door to War, The China Story,* and *The High Cost of Vengeance*—books that make among other points the ones enumerated above. Are dark forces crouching behind the Regnery imprint, as some have suggested, supplying the company with manuscripts and the money to publish them, but keeping carefully out of

sight? The fact is that Regnery is a rich man, and available evidence indicates that he has invested several hundred thousand dollars of his own money in his publishing venture. Even so, millionaires are apt to become highly suspect when they turn to publishing.

On the first page of the current Regnery catalogue I find listed a book on poetry by Louise Bogan; *The Three-Cornered Hat* (with woodcuts); Milton's *Areopagitica; The Paschal Mystery,* an analysis of Catholic Holy Week liturgy; and Plato's *Apology. America's Second Crusade* by William Henry Chamberlain is also there, to be sure, but all in all the catalogue is a pretty diverse list.

Not including reprints of classics, which are an important Regnery item, it carries a total of about 140 titles, which can be divided into three main groups. Forty-four books, including five novels, make up the miscellaneous category: literature and the arts, biography (nonpolitical), cookbooks, and even the Chicago White Sox Yearbook, a notably uncontroversial work. The most remarkable book here, without any doubt, is a biography of Benjamin Harrison "through the Civil War to the beginning of the Presidency." The other ninety-three titles involve either religion and philosophy (fifty-

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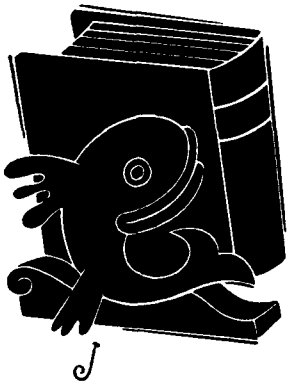
two) or politics and military affairs (forty-one). Of six books on education included in the miscellaneous group, several have a heavy political orientation—Mortimer Smith's *The Diminished Mind,* for example, which is described as "A study in planned mediocrity in our public schools." But the list is far from monolithic. The same might be said of the publisher.

Wanderjahre

A writer who met Regnery for the first time recently found him "by no means unpleasant." The comment sounds surprised, as though the writer felt that such a publisher *ought* to be unpleasant. Regnery is by no means forbidding, although he is rather brusque and outspoken in manner. It has been accurately remarked that he is the sort of rich man who doesn't quite realize that everybody isn't as well off as he is. He lives a quiet suburban life near Chicago in one of a group of houses known locally as "the Regnery Mansions." He plays in his own string quartet, owns a farm in West Virginia where he spends part of the summer, and likes to combine business with pleasure on trips to Europe. He and his three brothers are very wealthy indeed, the family having made its money in a textile business built from small beginnings by his father, a Chicago tycoon of the old school. Despite this opulence, Regnery is completely unpretentious.

Regnery received an engineering degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1934 and an M.A. in economics from Harvard in 1938. In between came a highly important interlude: He attended the University of Bonn. "I wanted to study in Germany and to learn German," Regnery has said, but the choice of Bonn was no accident; the Regnery family is Alsatian, coming originally from Trier. Regnery's serious regard for his origins is symbolized by the publishing company's seal, a reproduction of the Porta Nigra—the Black Gate—at Trier. The Porta Nigra was a Roman boundary marker and, as Regnery likes to point out, it was the gateway through which barbarians entered the civilized world, the meeting place of light and dark. A current line of Regnery classics reprints is called "Gateway Editions."

During the formative years he spent in the Rhineland, Regnery went a long way toward his transformation into a man who believes that most of his fellows see the world wrong. Germany went a long way toward transforming itself into barbarism—but not all the way. And Henry Regnery, a man who loved Germany and the Germans (there is no intention here to suggest that he felt anything but loathing for the Nazis themselves), began to acquire a mission, which came to fullest development during the war. It was, in brief, to explain, defend,



and justify the Germans who opposed the Nazi state. During the years when his country's energies were devoted to turning Germany into a pile of rubble as expeditiously as possible, Regnery was increasingly disturbed by the general tendency to think of all Germans as evil. The crowning enormity (because it was advanced as a possible government policy) was the plan advanced by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau to turn Germany into a "pastoral" country. Regnery's feeling for Germany grew into great apprehension about the fate it would suffer at the hands of the victorious Allies.

His concern for the Germans who opposed Hitler centered about the groups whose outlook was expressly religious, for religion—as the company's book list indicates—is the second dominant factor in Regnery's intellectual world. Thus he objected to such policies as the Morgenthau plan because he thought them both impolitic and un-Christian. A third element, not exactly startling in a Midwestern conservative, is distrust of the British. Regnery seems to have felt that Britain was fighting quite as much to strip the Ruhr factories as to save itself from destruction.

The American embodiment of the attitudes and policies opposed by Regnery was, of course, President Roosevelt, who had never been a favorite in the Regnery household, though Regnery's father had supported him in the 1932 election. Regnery's dislike of the President put him in a large, heterogeneous, and chronically unsuccessful camp. With victory already visible, Regnery joined Felix Morley to publish a serious of pamphlets called "Human Events," warning of the manifold iniquities being hatched in Washington and London. It was in the same year that the Gördeler-von Stauffenberg plot against Hitler misfired. This group of men, both Christian and heroic, epitomized everything that Regnery admired—and felt that the world overlooked—about Germany. (The story was later told in a Regnery book, *The German Opposition to Hitler,* by Hans Rothfels.)

When the war ended, with the Russians in Berlin and the British firmly in control of the Ruhr, Americans were reading Morgenthau's *Germany Is Our Problem.* The whole idea of the book, of course, seems strange to us now that West Germany's industrial production has become a subject for American pride and satisfaction. It seemed both strange and wicked to Henry Regnery in 1945. As the printing presses spewed forth books declaring that Germany must be made into a nation of farms, that the Germans must become a democratic nation, that German education must be transformed, Regnery tended his textile mills with increasing impatience. He felt that Morgenthau's book had received no effective answer; not even the right wing could be sure, in those days, that events would provide the absolute answer to the Morgenthau plan.

Answering Morgenthau

Finally Regnery decided to act. He formed the Henry Regnery Company of Hinsdale, Illinois, and published an American edition of *In*

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Darkest Germany, by Victor Gollancz, well known in England as a publisher and writer and former head of the Left Book Club, an enterprise with a rather different outlook from Regnery's. Speaking of the Morgenthau and Gollancz books, Mr. Regnery has said: "The basis of Mr. Morgenthau's thesis was plain and simple revenge; Mr. Gollancz, on the other hand, based his argument on the sacredness of the human person." The Regnery Company also came out with a pamphlet that bore the same title as Morgenthau's book. In fact, almost all the early books reflected the publisher's concern for Germany. There were *The Failure of Technology,* by Friedrich Georg Juenger; *Hitler in Our Selves,* by Max Picard; *From Versailles to Potsdam,* by Leonhard von Muralt; and the Rothfels book on the anti-Hitler plots.

Regnery's fondness for books about Germany or by Germans continues. He has published, to take a random choice, General Hans Speidel's German's-eye view of the 1944 invasion; the memoirs of Ernst von Weizsäcker, state secretary of the German Foreign Office under Hitler; in a lighter spirit, a biography of Ludwig II, the mad but still-beloved King of Bavaria; and a de luxe volume commemorating Georg Swarzenski, a museum director in Frankfurt.

Fighting Thought Control

Perhaps if Henry Regnery were a Texas millionaire turning from oil to politics, he might finance some lunatic group or sniff suspiciously around public libraries. But, as far as I can tell, the cruder sort of Know-Nothingism is as foreign to him as to any of his critics. After all, it takes a pretty strong faith in ideas for a man to sink hundreds of thousands of dollars into a publishing venture.

Why, then, does Regnery disfigure his list with seemingly preposterous books? Why, at a time when liberty of discussion is not all that it has been, does he chip away at academic freedom? The answer, of course, is that he doesn't agree that any of his books are preposterous, and he thinks that some freedoms are abused. It is all a matter of premises. There is some evidence, I think, that if geometry were a subject of politi-

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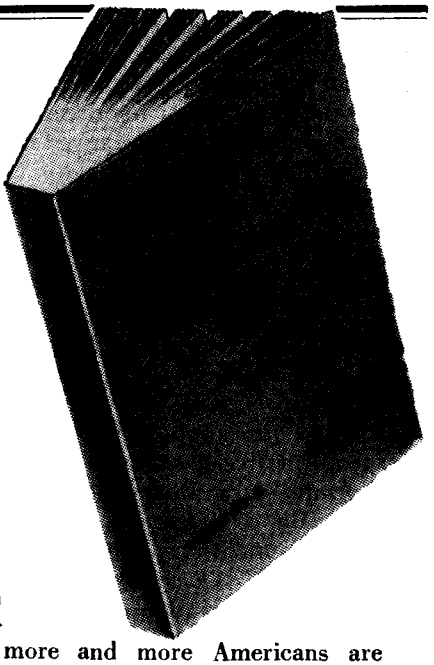

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cal discussion, Regnery would belong to the group that repudiated parallel lines and believed the parallelogram to be a left-wing deception. A year or so ago he observed that the control of ideas by Senator McCarthy was "completely imaginary."

It Takes All Sorts

And yet he does believe that America is in the grip of thought control. He is convinced that magazines and book-review sections are in the hands of the leftists, and that book publishing is "just about the last refuge for genuine free speech and for nonconformity to a dreary intellectual sterility imposed by the great universities, foundations, and their kept functionaries." Regnery has frequently observed that the liberals (and it is important to note that in his definition most people are liberals) are the ones who stifle free speech and free thought. Admittedly, a lot of people feel that left-wing groups have been intolerant of anyone who disagrees with them, or even that liberal thought often runs just as much to stereotypes as Regnery's does. But Regnery's feeling is stronger and more inclusive than that. He agrees enthusiastically with William Schlamm's introduction to his firm's book *McCarthy and His Enemies*. From this contorted essay one finally gathers that a "liberal" is anyone who for any reason opposes Senator McCarthy. Of course a number of things have happened since the introduction was written.

Given these attitudes, it is not difficult to understand why Regnery has often seemed to be a pushover for any author who claims his story is being suppressed. His publishing judgment sometimes seems to lack objectivity. An example of this blind spot is provided by a book the Regnery Company did *not* bring out. This was a half-novel, half-philosophical dialogue in which a U.S. Air Force officer is the dialectical opponent of a group of German aristocrats. America, democracy, free speech, and freedom of religion come off the losers in the dialogue. As a piece of writing the book is mediocre, and as a novel it is without value. I understand that only violent argument swayed Regnery from the belief that it was a great book and would sell well. It was later published in England, where it ran up a sale of seven copies.

Nevertheless, it would be doing Regnery an injustice to say that he publishes only books that cater to his whims. *Left, Right and Center* by Sidney Lens, a labor leader, advocates political ideas that are abhorrent to Regnery. Because a large number of Regnery books are by Catholics or about Catholicism, many people think Regnery is a Catholic himself; he is not. He publishes Romano Guardini, Etienne Gilson, and Gabriel Marcel because he believes that they are important thinkers whose works should be more widely known in America. For essentially the same reason he publishes Martin Heidegger.

"As a publisher," Regnery said in answer to one attack, "it is not my business to be pro-Arab, pro-Israeli, pro-Zionist, or anti-Zionist. It is my responsibility to serve the truth." His truth often seems to be a highly special creature, but that surely doesn't make him unique. The difference is that Regnery has the money to put his ideas into practice.

And the happy fact is that nobody has to worry about the books that get published or the ideas that get discussed. It is the banning of books and the choking of discussion that are—in the most meaningful sense of the term—un-American.

The Creative Criticism Of Lionel Trilling

NORA MAGID

THE OPPOSING SELF, by Lionel Trilling. *Viking. $3.50.*

Because Lionel Trilling has indisputably one of the most gifted, most literate minds in university life today, he is always a delight to read. He never seems to feel under any obligation to resort to the esoteric tricks. He never pontificates. He writes with clarity and perception, and his essays may be followed with pleasure and decided profit by those other than professional scholars and critics. He has his touchstones, to be sure: These are psychological (Freud) and political (Tocqueville), but he doesn't exercise them to exhaustion, and he never uses them to build a rigid system. Trilling keeps his own imagination free to associate the many facets of life and literature whose relationship may very probably have escaped us.

His output is small. He writes very little, really, but what he does write is uniformly excellent. This is true even when he ventures outside the boundaries of criticism. He has written one of the best short stories in the English language. *Of This Time, of That Place,* is not an easy story by any means, but it has a peculiar power that stirs and baffles and touches. He has written a novel, *Middle of the Journey,* which, if it reads somewhat dehydratedly, is provocative and penetrating and very much for our time. And he has, of course, continued his fine literary and social criticism. As proof of how eagerly these essays are received, one has only to note how often each has been reused—as lecture, article, introduction, and book chapter.

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Nine Major Figures

What makes Trilling so distinguished a critic is his innate ability to point what he has himself called "the finger of admiration" at much that we may well have missed in our own reading. And to make the experience doubly palatable, that characteristic in Henry James which so pleases him is very much present in himself: "Humor is latent in all [his] writing; implicit in the nature of his prose . . ." It is graceful, unobtrusive wit, rather unexpected, and it usually has the effect of making one pause to reread. For example, the preamble to the discussion of the implications of the title *The Opposing Self* says, "There have always been selves, or at least ever since the oracle at Delphi began to advise every man to know his own."

These latest studies deal with nine of the major figures of the last century and a half, in both America and Europe. In order of their appearance, they are Keats, Dickens, Tolstoy, Howells, James, Wordsworth, Orwell, Flaubert, and Austen. They are loosely linked by what Trilling designates to be a phenomenon of relatively recent vintage—"the modern imagination of autonomy and delight, of surprise and elevation, of selves conceived in opposition to the general culture." He gives us a warm and lively picture of Keats, not as the pallid, passive boy he is popularly supposed to have been, but as a human being of enormous vitality—"Energy is of his essence." He calls attention to a work of Dickens which very few of us read now—*Little Dorrit*—and he gives pointed reasons for our making amends. And on strictly contemporary ground, he contemplates George Orwell, that most curious of modern anomalies—"a virtuous man."

WE HAVE the benefit of Trilling's keen insight into problems of morality and psychology and political life, and of the will. Best of all, he takes familiar material like *Anna Karenina* or the novels of Jane Austen, about which we tend to assume that nothing more can be said, and from the vantage point of his own perspective he demonstrates that something valid certainly can.

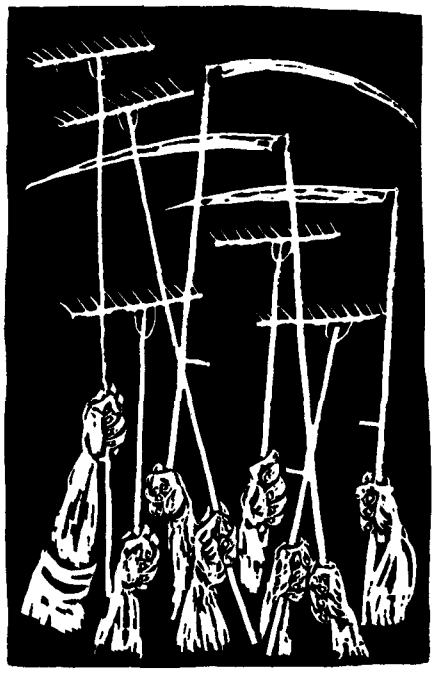
An Unretouched Self-Portrait Of the Soviet Régime

THEODORE DRAPER

THE SOVIET REGIME, by W. W. Kulski. *Syracuse University Press. $8.*

A FORMER Polish diplomat, now a teacher of international relations at Syracuse University, has put everyone who wishes to understand the nature of the Soviet régime in his debt. Professor Kulski has made a heroic effort on an enormous scale to cut behind theory to reality, to confront principles with practice.

Theory and reality, principles and practice—how many have fallen in the gulf between them, so much vaster in the Soviet Union than in any other modern state! Those who are sympathetic to the theory see only as much of the reality as pleases them or, if they cannot avoid some inconvenient facts, endow them with a kind of provisional existence that seems to make them less real than the theory. Those who abhor the reality fail to do justice to the original principles and, if they take them into account at all, get rid of the differences by making the Soviet régime of today inherent in the Communist principles of yesterday.



Professor Kulski does not seem to belong to either school. He has devoted a huge volume to a documentation of the Soviet reality, but he keeps reminding the reader that this was not at all what the leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution thought they were going to create. He constantly counterposes Communist ideals and Soviet practice as if to say that two crimes have been committed: the fact and the fraud.

PROFESSOR KULSKI owes his success in compiling the facts and exposing the frauds to the peculiarly bureaucratic character of the present Soviet régime. Unfortunately for Soviet mythology, where there are bureaucrats for everything there are also rules and regulations for everything. Soviet legislation is thus a mirror of Soviet life. It comes from no hostile source; it is no tale told by an émigré; it is the self-portrait of the system.

Professor Kulski has ransacked the Soviet codes, rulings, decrees, decisions, edicts, and laws, and has systematically put them together to build up a precise and concrete image of the three basic classes which he identifies in Soviet society: on top the "intelligentsia" (the professional Communist politicians in alliance with the managerial bureaucrats), in the middle the workers, and at the bottom the peasants. Such a painstaking compilation is not for the average reader. But anyone who is willing to make the effort of working through eight hundred pages of closely packed data can be promised an abundance of food for thought.

Prison for Tardiness

Soviet propaganda constantly proclaims that the Soviet worker is "free" and the western worker is "enslaved," but the Soviet state could not operate if workers were really free. The Russian people were

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neither technically nor psychologically prepared for the accelerated industrialization of a backward agrarian land. They had to be driven to endure the ordeal. The reins have not been loosened with increasing industrialization. On the contrary, they have been tightened. Otherwise, what is the purpose and meaning of the successive Soviet laws on "labor discipline?"

Once upon a time, in 1919, shortly after the revolution, workers' committees were responsible for meting out disciplinary penalties in factories. Ten years later, punishment of workers was exclusively entrusted to management. These penalties have become progressively harsher. Absenteeism and lateness, for example, have always plagued Soviet industry. The best evidence is the extreme lengths to which the Soviet authorities have gone to discourage them.

Even in 1922 a worker could be dismissed without notice or compensation for absenting himself three days within a single month without "legitimate reasons." In 1932 a new statute cut the punishable period down to one day within a month. In addition, it deprived offenders of ration cards for food and manufactured consumer goods and evicted them from their living quarters. In 1940 a new edict made "willful absences" of even less than a single day a criminal offense. The new edict covered every tardiness or early departure exceeding twenty minutes, and periods even shorter than twenty minutes occurring three times within the same month or four times within two consecutive months.

The courts are now empowered to hand out sentences of a twenty-five per cent pay deduction for a period of up to six months for the first two offenses of this nature. But if a third offense is committed before the penalty for the second one has been completed, the punishment is two to four months' imprisonment.

As Professor Kulski's pages of rules and regulations for the Soviet worker and peasant go on and on, the same methods for dealing with stubborn problems recur again and again. Is defective production widespread? Then do not pay the worker at all if the management decides

that it is his fault. And even if it is not his fault, reduce his pay by at least twenty-five per cent. Does the peasant have an urge to leave his village or collective farm to improve his lot elsewhere? Then require him to register with the militia if he stays more than five days in a town. And if he does not obey the militia's order to go back where he came from, make him liable to imprisonment for a period up to two years. Is the Soviet soldier tempted to escape abroad? Then punish all adult members of his family who knew of his plan and yet did not inform the authorities by sending them to prison for five to ten years and confiscate all their property. As for the adult members of his family who lived with him or who were supported by him at the time of his flight but did *not* know of his plan, deprive them of their electoral rights and exile them to distant areas of Siberia for five years.

Such methods have made the Soviet Union a strong industrial power. But it is utterly mistaken to imagine that more industrialization will reverse the process of dictatorship and eventually lead to the liberalization of the régime. On the contrary, forced industrialization and extreme coercion are two sides of the same coin.

How the two are related may be seen in the case of the norms of production every worker must meet. In order to speed up industrialization, it has been necessary to increase the norms. At first the norms were based on the productivity of the average worker. But in the early 1930's, a change was made to establish the norms on the basis of the results achieved by "shock workers." Until 1933 the workers in each plant had a voice in deciding the norms. In that year management was given the exclusive right to make these decisions, even though the local trade union still had to approve them as a formality. In 1939 the role of the local trade union was eliminated altogether. The heads of shops make recommendations, the managers approve them, and the workers are notified.

Carrots and Sticks

In order to increase norms effectively, disciplinary measures must be stiffened against those who fail to achieve them. This is the stick with which the Soviet worker is beaten. On the other hand, wages and other emoluments are graded to reward the relative handful of "Stakhanovites" who set the norms for the masses of workers. This is the carrot with which a few Soviet workers are bribed. If the bribes were more effective, there would be no need for so many sticks in the Soviet administrative and legal system.

The Soviet régime has been able to industrialize rapidly because it has been willing to pay a high enough political and social price. Politically it has meant a callous and increasingly powerful dictatorship; socially a new class stratification based on vested interests born out of the existing distribution of author-

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ity and wealth. These vested interests have their roots in the Soviet process of all-out industrialization, and they will not be liberalized by virtue of more industrialization. If industrialization meant democracy, Hitler's Germany would have been the most democratic country in Europe and there would be no need to have any fears for American democracy today. Experience seems to prove that industrialization by itself is not what counts, but rather how and under what conditions industrialization is carried out.

What Dread Beast?

The most difficult question that Professor Kulski's book raises is: What kind of a social system is the Soviet?

He does not try to answer it within the factual framework of his study, but he makes some interesting remarks that bear further examination. He refers to the Soviet "society of unequals," which in another place he calls "conservative."

Even if he is right, the question is still perplexing. For the Soviet society of unequals is not like other societies of unequals. And Soviet "conservatism" is not at all like the western conservatism with which we are familiar. It is a conservative society of inequality in terms of its own development, not in terms of ours. Therefore the same words do not mean quite the same thing.

Professor Kulski generally calls the Soviet ruling class the "intelligentsia," but no one would dream of applying that word to the American ruling class. The former does not "own" the economy and yet it has much more power over life and death, over subsistence and liberty. It persists in using what Professor Kulski calls an "obsolete revolutionary language" that enables it to be "obsolete" at home and "revolutionary" abroad. It has come out of a socialist tradition as alien to its own reality as to the social orders in the West.

It all goes back to the way the Soviet régime was first set in motion. The men responsible for it had spent their lives in a socialist tradition that devoted ninety-nine per cent of its energy to criticizing capitalism and one per cent to envisaging socialism. They believed that

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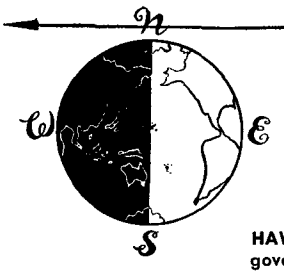

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capitalism would solve the economic problems of socialism and that socialism would solve the political problems of capitalism. Thus, Lenin in his famous pamphlet *State and Revolution,* written on the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution, made a curious effort to explain why there was no need to worry about the fulfillment of the socialist ideal:

"We have but to overthrow the capitalists, to crush the resistance of these exploiters with the iron hand of the armed workers, to smash the bureaucratic machine of the modern state—and we shall have a splendidly equipped mechanism, freed from the 'parasite,' a mechanism which can very well be set going by the united workers themselves, who will hire technicians, foremen and bookkeepers, and pay them *all,* as, indeed, *all* 'state' officials in general, a workman's wage."

But there was no "splendidly equipped mechanism" in Russia. From this topsy-turvy beginning the rest followed inevitably. The technicians, foremen, and bookkeepers now hire the workers. They do, indeed, pay the workers a workman's wage, but they reserve something much more for themselves, just as their predecessors did in the old days. The whole system of wages, salaries, bonuses, and taxation is crudely and exorbitantly rigged in their favor. What has arisen is a society of "ranks, decorations, privileges and high salaries," as Professor Kulski puts it.

TO READ again what Lenin imagined socialism to be and to contemplate what the Soviet system has become in practice is like waking up from a dream. Socialism was once a movement to emancipate the proletariat of the most highly industrialized countries. Sovietism represents a system to industrialize the peasantry of the most backward countries. Sovietism in practice is not socialism. Neither is it capitalism. It came out of the one and did not develop into the other, yet it contains elements of both socialism and capitalism. Sooner or later, it will have to be recognized as a distinct social system. If we are ever to understand it in its own terms, we must do as Professor Kulski has done —study it in practice.

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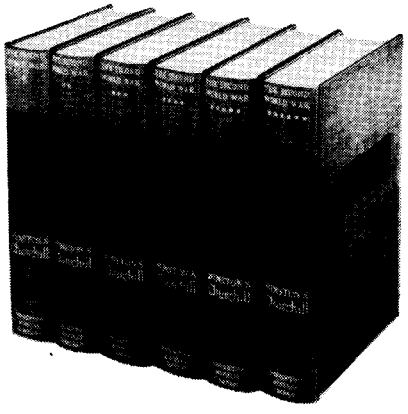

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